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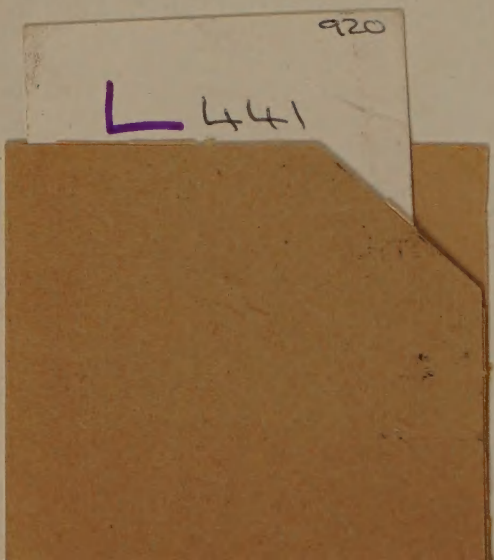

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THESE FIFTY YEARS

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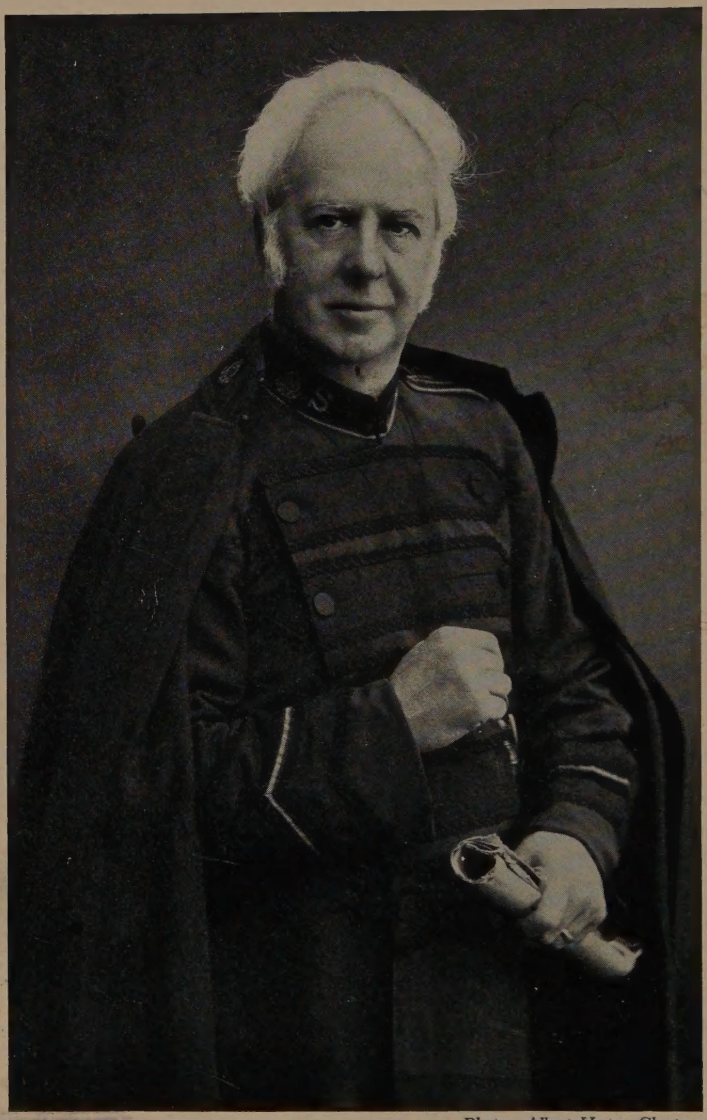

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W. BRAMWELL BOOTH, C.H.

THESE FIFTY YEARS

BY

BRAMWELL BOOTH, C.H.

WITH A

FOREWORD BY MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH

"That which is looked for is not performed, and God takes unlikely paths as He walks with men." —EURIPIDES.

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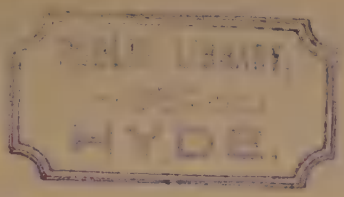


FOREWORD

ON Sunday evening, June 16th, 1929, our home was darkened by the shadow of death and my beloved husband closed his eyes on the scenes of earth. In the words of the Psalms for the day, " his shoulders were eased from the burden and his hands were delivered from making the pots."

Those dear hands had, some months before, prepared the matter which is presented in this volume. In a partially prepared preface he writes:

> " Here I continue some reminiscences of our Army work and warfare, with glances at people I have known either slightly or intimately, prior to 1912, the year in which I became the General of the Salvation Army. Except incidentally, I have not referred to events since that time."

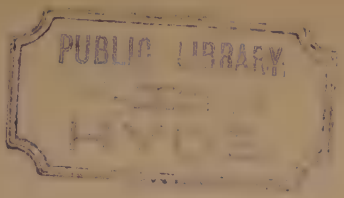
For me, and I believe for many of those who love him, these pages are fragrant with memories and arouse inspiration and aspiration concerning the work of our beloved Salvation Army. Not for us alone, but for the ever-increasing ranks of those who live for others will the example and work of such a man as Bramwell Booth, and such incidents as are here recorded, prove an incentive to renewed effort and holy daring in the battle for

righteousness on earth, for, indeed, in this battle the numbers of the brave are few. My husband has written elsewhere:

> "Help is needed if the battle is to be kept going and the victory won. Real daring and reckless helpers—helpers who care for nothing but to drive back the hosts of hate."

I trust that these pages will be as a "Candle of the Lord" to set alight other spirits. In this way Bramwell Booth will still be used by God to spread His Light in the world.

FLORENCE E. BOOTH.



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THESE FIFTY YEARS

CHAPTER I

AN ELECT LADY

A NEW generation has arisen since my mother, the "Mother" of the Salvation Army, passed away. Even to those already in middle age she is little more than a tradition, so swiftly do the years go by. But time itself is impotent to blur the image that the "Mother" so deeply engraved on the hearts of those who were associated with her.

In a previous volume[1] I have recalled my father. I set out to do so in one chapter, but the subject overran into three or four. Now the same thing is happening as I set down some memories of my mother, although she left us more than twenty years before he did. I think of her first as a woman; a woman of very definite religious experience, rare passion, intense feeling, deep affection, vivid personality: then as a mother; skilled and diligent in household ways, asking no release from any homely duty, intensely concerned for her children, above all, for their salvation: then as a Mother in God; guiding with wise counsel, persuading with an eloquence more than words, rebuking in a manner which those who came under her displeasure never forgot; and finally I think

[1] "Echoes and Memories." London, Hodder & Stoughton, 1926.

of her as a woman in the public eye, swaying great audiences, and having the power to move the hearts of men in the mass as well as one by one.

Let me recall the figure of my mother. A slightly built woman, some five feet six inches in height, extremely gentle and refined in appearance, suggesting even timidity (although about her there was always a resoluteness of spirit which overcame a diffidence and shrinking largely physical), and in her countenance such strength and intensity as made it, especially when animated, almost mesmeric in its power to hold the attention even of the indifferent and casual. As Longfellow has said of another woman, " the light upon her face shone from the windows of another world." So great an impression did the mere sight of her create that often people passing her in the street, not knowing who she was, turned back to gaze.

Her head, which was small, was well set on her shoulders, its poise and movement conveying great personal force and dignity. Her hair was dark, almost black, and after middle-life, scanty. Her eyes were wide open rather than large, and were dark brown and lustrous. They held a wonderful tenderness, but they could, and indeed often did, flash with deep fires. The eyes themselves, apart from the face, argued and strove and compelled, and no doubt this accounted in some degree for her power over assemblies. At times, when on the platform, a great tenderness would suffuse her countenance, and yet always there was an expression betokening firmness and exalted passion.

Her mobile mouth was finely curved, very correct in its lines, and there was a challenge in her laughter. Her hands and feet were small and shapely; indeed, her whole body suggested a fine instrument carefully fashioned for

some great purpose. Her voice was pleasant, though not of great volume, and in some buildings it needed an effort to make all the people hear. This contributed to the exhaustion which often followed the delivery of her addresses. But she persevered even when so weak that my brother or I had to carry her from her bed to the cab, and from the cab to the platform, where she would yet speak with such command of herself that few realized her weary invalidism, a triumph of spirit over body!

Her life in the body was lived in a kind of warfare with it. But her great soul continually broke through the physical fetters. In spite of shyness and the tremulousness of a frail and suffering frame, her hunger for righteousness and truth and godliness carried her into a realm of passionate freedom. Perhaps her bodily weakness was in some ways a blessing, though indeed much disguised. It was a blessing in that it demanded and secured special watchfulness over all her steps, a "going softly" before the Lord, and a vigilance in self-control and self-denial so far as outward things were concerned, which greatly ministered to the safety and upholding of the inner man.

In her relations with strangers there was nothing stiff or formal. She seemed to invite them into her confidence. Even with people at the opposite pole of personality to herself—people who made no impression on their fellows, and whose eyes were like the windows of an empty house—she could make herself quite at home and "bring them out." She took endless pains to make inquirers of every sort feel at ease, and she had a very attractive manner and address, interwoven with a dignity which enhanced her influence.

This charm of manner notwithstanding, there was a definiteness that amounted almost to brusqueness in

dealing with folly and stupidity. Whenever she wished it, her old-world courtesy, her wonderful smile, the light and softness of her beautiful eyes, made a fascinating impression, but it is also true that she did not "suffer fools gladly," and she had little hope of mending them. Her notion was rather Solomon's—and it often depressed her—and depressed us also!—"Though thou shouldst bray a fool in a mortar among wheat with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him." When through folly or carelessness opportunities for advancing the work of God were lost, she was patient and perhaps severe, and though I have often heard her speak with affection about "the dear Lord's idiot children," I know that at times she heartily wished them out of the way!

Intellectually her gifts were quite exceptional. Of her power as a public speaker I have something to say in a subsequent chapter. She had distinction as a writer, too. But all her gifts were secondary to the fervour and courage of her soul. W. T. Stead, upon whom she had a tranquillizing influence, said in a memorial article that there were only three women of the Victorian era for whose graves posterity would look in Westminster—and in each case in vain—Elizabeth Barrett Browning, George Eliot and Catherine Booth. Not altogether a happy conjunction of names. The fame of Mrs. Browning and George Eliot rests upon their achievements in the realm of imagination. Catherine Booth was a woman of action. She lived and wrought in a world of actualities, and what she was in herself, rather than anything she produced, accounts for the spell she exercised. Though not learned in the schools, she had considerable culture and a critical and analytical mind. But it was no mere cunning of words, nor the exercise of a particular mental ability through which she gained her influence and

swayed alike assemblies of the most refined and the most rude. It was rather her own intense conviction of the truth of what she had to say. Her appeal was to conscience. She summoned men to the bar of God, and her message was the faith of her own soul arising from

> " . . . clearest insight, amplitude of mind,
> And reason in her most exalted mood."

It was the soul of the woman that shone forth, fearless, victorious, passionately devoted, absorbed in the interests of the Kingdom of God. Wise she was, with the wisdom from above, prudent in counsel, valiant in battle, and yet gentle and womanly, by nature most modest and retiring, and at all events during her earlier years, approaching the great burden of her public work with a deep reluctance. Speaking in later life of her former hesitations, she says:

> " Perhaps some of you would hardly credit that I was one of the most timid and bashful disciples the Lord Jesus ever had. For ten years of my Christian life, my life was one daily battle with the cross, not because I wilfully rejected as many do, for that I never dared to do. Oh, no! I used to make up my mind I would, and resolve and intend, and then, when the hour came, I used to fail for want of courage. For some four or five months before I commenced speaking, the controversy had been signally raised in my soul. I was brought to a very severe heart-searching at last. I had no vision, but a revelation to my mind in a season of sickness, when I saw that my reluctance to testify had been the fly in the pot of ointment."

Her first public efforts as the wife of a minister,

sharing his duty, by reason of their complete novelty at the time, attracted considerable attention in the press. With scarcely an exception, the newspapers commented on the unseemliness, the immodesty, the vulgar desire for an unsavoury notoriety involved in these strange proceedings! My mother felt all this acutely. She realized that, necessary though it was, her action did mean a departure from the conventions and accepted standards of the day concerning woman. She could only answer that a new compelling spirit had taken possession of her own. She, by nature most retiring, *had* to come forth as a messenger of Christ before large audiences, to plead with them of sin, of righteousness, of judgment, and to show them the love of God as interpreted by a woman in whose heart that love was a living fountain and must shed itself abroad.

Her shrinking and hesitation over the public ordeal was only one of the things she overcame. Compared with some others, indeed, it was almost a minor hindrance. Her whole life was a triumph over foes seen and unseen. This was no sham fight for her, no spectacular tournament. There was no need to summon up imaginary enemies. Here was the enemy present in very truth. Catherine Booth was intensely aware of evil. We get a glimpse of inner conflicts in some of her private letters. Here is one to an intimate friend dated 1883:

> " Pray on, dear. He is a *wonder-working* God. Be desperate and don't let Him go. Faith won the victory even when He had said: ' It is not *meet* to take the children's bread and cast it to the dogs.' ' True, Lord, but the dogs may have the crumbs! ' How sublime! How *could* He withstand that?

'Oh, woman, great is thy faith.' Amen and Amen! Lord, make ours like hers!

"Thank dear Mrs. T. for her prayers and tell her to pray on for the work in this half-damned West End—talk of the Masses, here are the Devil's strongest fortresses! Oh, the iniquities in high places! Oh, for Jeremiahs! Every true Christian ought to be crying on his face at every opportunity for this wicked city and for this wicked nation. . . . Oh, Lord, make haste to our help!"

There were times when she thought, and said, that the Devil reserved some of his most venomous darts for her, that she had been singled out for his special malice. Worsted at all points in his efforts to disturb her faith, he turned upon her poor body. "It seems to have been my special lot," she said, during her last illness, "to suffer. I can scarcely remember the day in my life which has been free from one kind of pain or other." In early life she had suffered from spinal weakness, and in the years when she had the care of a growing family her health was always delicate; for quite long periods she lived on the verge of complete breakdown.

Nor was physical weakness the only thing that harassed her. Her husband, a man not over strong, was committed, before he was forty, to a task in the East End of London which would have tried the strength of a dozen men. Storms of vituperation and slander were attending the rise and growth of The Army. The abuse, it is true, was not often directed against Catherine Booth herself. In the coarsest denunciations of the "Booths" she was usually excepted; but the flying missiles hurt her all the more because they were aimed at those, especially at one, whom she loved better than life.

In the year before her death The Army was passing through a crisis, the result of falsehood and calumny. But she never doubted that God would more than justify His own. To a delegation from a Staff-Officers' Council who attended at her bedside, she said that the persecution should be regarded as a glorious proof that God was with them, and that they were on the right lines, doing the work to which Jesus Christ had called them, and for which they had been specially raised up. In one of these times of trial of earlier date she writes to a personal friend:

> " I had such a view of His love and faithfulness on the journey from Wellingborough, that I thought I should never doubt again about anything. I had the carriage to myself, and such a precious season with the Lord that the time seemed to fly. As the lightning gleamed around I felt ready to shout, ' The chariots of Israel, and the horsemen thereof.' Oh, how precious it is when we *see* as well as believe, and yet more blessed to *believe* and *not see*! . . . As I looked at the waving fields, the grazing sheep, the flashing sky, a voice said in my soul, ' Of what oughtest thou to be afraid? Am I not God? Cannot I supply thy little, tiny needs? ' My heart replied, ' It is enough, Lord, I will trust Thee. Forgive my unbelief! '
>
> " My dear friend, you *do* trust a little. Oh, be encouraged to trust *altogether*."

The one-time idea of a saint demanded some gentle, placid person, of meek voice and unlined countenance. Catherine Booth, a great modern saint, was surely nearer the pattern of heaven!

Writing of my mother as a woman, how can I but notice her delightful love-letters? Harold Begbie says:

> "Some of these letters seem to me as beautiful love-letters as any in the world, reaching at times heights of religious inspiration hardly to be matched in the literature of the saints, and sounding so unmistakable a note of truth and purity of aim that they do not suffer in the least from an occasional use of now outworn vocabulary." [1]

Let me quote from two of these letters, one having regard to the things of the spirit, the other containing intimations which betoken her deep womanly affection:

> "Pray for me, *pray for me*, and let us give ourselves to the promotion of God's glory, and let us ever remember that God is glorified in the full consecration of *what we have*, be it *small* or *great*; He desires not the increase of five talents for the loan of one, but a full, perfect consecration of that one to His own honour, and whoever renders this, He pronounces as hearty a 'Well done' upon, as upon him who has received ten. I have often erred here. I will try to remember in future that *all I have* is all He wants; you remember it too, dearest, and be not anxious because you have not as much talent as this or that man, but only to have what you have fully sanctified, and you will realize the end of your existence as fully and glorify God as much in your sphere as Gabriel does in his. . . ."

It adds to the human interest of the following extract

[1] "Life of William Booth." By Harold Begbie, Vol. I, p. 163.

that it was written by a girl of twenty-two, and, as its contents show, within a year of her betrothal:

> "I thought about you very much during the day [Christmas]. I could not but contrast my feelings with those of last year. Then my anxieties and affections were centred in objects whose love and care I had experienced through many changing years. *Then*, I knew no love but that of a child, a sister, a friend, and I thought that love deep, sincere, fervent; perhaps it was, nay, *I know it was*; but since then a stranger, unknown, unseen till within the last short year, has strangely drawn around him the finest tendrils of my heart, and awakened a new absorbing affection which seems, as it were, to eclipse what I before deemed the intensity of love. Then my anxieties were almost confined to *home*; *now* this same stranger, like a magnet, draws them after him in all his wanderings, so that they seldom are at home! What a change in one short year! Can you solve the mystery? Can you divine the reason?"

Her life as a whole throbbed with every emotion expressed in the deeply interesting letters from among which these are taken. Amid the strain and conflict involved in the care of a large family, and in the glorious share she had alike in the great campaigns and the inner conflicts amid which the foundations of The Army were laid, she more and more showed the finest and strongest qualities of a true woman.

The influence of her love for William Booth, and of his love upon her, no doubt powerfully furthered this. He was spiritually her superior as she was intellectually his, but in their love they were equals. That love became

a kind of element remote from the world, purer than the common air, in which they acted and reacted on one another to the comfort and joy of both. She brought to him, and ever rendered to him, the utmost tenderness of a woman completely yielded to the man of her choice. The bonds between them were continually strengthened, over that long stretch of years, by the loving surrender of each to the other. They both saw—she especially—that the real value of true love is not merely that it sanctifies the endearments and tender intimacies of a complete union, or that it produces transient ecstasies, whether of body or soul, but that it permeates and transfigures commonplace life and everyday service. This it did for them.

And what of the years that followed their separation, after she was taken from him? Those were long and lonely years for my father, but the same tender and transfiguring influence permeated and enriched them also. This influence touched him with a most tender healing art in his times of trial and depression, and when circumstances combined to re-open the wound made by her death or to make wounds anew, turned his eyes to God and God's glory in his moments of most exalted gladness and success; it never left him: in death as in life, he and she were one. Though using other words, he often said to us—but, indeed, we needed not to be told:

> " Whichever way my days decline,
> I felt and feel, though left alone,
> Her being working in my own,
> The footsteps of her life in mine."

CHAPTER II

THE MOTHER AND THE MOTHER IN GOD

THE instinct of Motherhood, it seems to me, must have exercised a profound influence on Catherine Mumford from her earliest years. The example and spirit of the splendid woman who was her own mother no doubt encouraged and developed this, for Mrs. Mumford was also a very striking, indeed an exceptional, woman. Writing of her in after life her daughter says:

> "The longer I live the more I appreciate my mother's character. She was one of the Puritan type. I have often heard my husband remark that she was a woman of the sternest principle he had ever met, and yet the very embodiment of tenderness. To her right was right, no matter what it might entail. . . .
>
> "She had an intense realization of spiritual things. Heaven seemed quite near, instead of being, as with so many, a far-off unreality. It was a positive joy to her that her three eldest children were there. I never heard her thank the Lord for anything so fervently as for this, although they were fine, promising boys. 'Ah, Kate,' she used to say, 'I would not have them back for anything!'"

But it was Catherine Booth's own fine sense of *responsibility*—surely the true soul of Motherhood for

all she could serve or protect—which was at the foundation of much in her life, and the root of all she was and afterwards became as a mother.

> "If I were asked," she once said, "for the main characteristics that have helped me through life, I should give a high place among them to the sense of responsibility which I have felt from my earliest days in regard to everybody who came in any way under my influence. The fact that I was not *held* responsible was no relief at all. 'Why trouble? It is not your affair!' friends constantly say to me even now, 'But how can I help troubling,' I reply, 'when I see people going wrong!'"

When, however, her love for William Booth became the master influence in her life, we see in a still more striking way how her motherliness at once asserted itself in a new direction. His future, his work, his health, his religion, his happiness, all became her special care. Harold Begbie sees this, and of the influences which arose soon after their betrothal, he writes:

> "One now perceives that an influence of the sweetest, purest, and most mystical character is at work, with all the quiet confidence of spiritual strength, on a nature primitive . . . a nature capable of greatness but susceptible also of ruin and failure. One sees that the mothering of William Booth has begun; that the embrace of a milder and a purer spirit is beginning to enfold itself about his life; that he is conscious of an inferiority which she supplies, and she in him of a superiority which she studies to enhance." [1]

[1] "Life of William Booth," Vol. I, p. 197.

And Catherine Booth became not only a mother of three sons and five daughters after the flesh, she had her sons from far and her daughters from the ends of the earth. In the early days of the Salvation Army movement her hand was upon many matters to an extent unknown to anyone outside the inner circle. Conferences on anxious or difficult questions, especially when those questions seemed likely to raise doubts outside, were arranged so that she might be present. Often, indeed, such gatherings took place in her bedroom, and many decisions, which later proved to be of the utmost importance to the work, were arrived at beside her sick bed. Her insight, and what I have sometimes called her unfolding power, were really wonderful. While others, discussing some new development or some specially attractive project, would be occupied by the immediate and surface aspects of a proposal, she would at once discern and fasten on the potentialities of a situation and carry us all to the future outcome of the thing proposed.

While the Founder had the creative genius, she had the analytical mind. He made things, she improved them. He inspired The Army, raised its colours (though literally The Army flag was her idea, and the design finally resolved upon was hers), pointed its weapons, and ever urged it forward to new fields of labour. She thought out the why and wherefore of it all, and in her more cultured sphere justified The Army's methods to circles which, accustomed to conventional religious expression, were shocked by ours. And further, she enhanced the reasonableness and beauty and value of the work we were doing in our own eyes. She discerned, and helped us to discern, the philosophy behind the roughness and awkwardness and seeming contradictions

of the struggle, and strengthened the Founder's hands in a hundred ways.

She was ever in the forefront of The Army's defence. It is all the more significant that her early writings reveal a conservative mind on many of these matters, and it is evident that the unconventional methods which one by one were adopted, did, even to the last, cause her no little concern, if not anxiety. The great freedom of expression which was adopted in the conduct of the meetings—a freedom which, though it was always towards the most complete *naturalness*, had sometimes the appearance of irreverence—was a real trial to her, especially in the early years, though as she came nearer and nearer to the heart of the common people and saw how variously the Holy Spirit works, her outlook enlarged. The Psalms, as I have often heard her say, took on a new meaning. The Apostolic cautions, such as "Be not drunk with wine . . . but be filled with the Spirit," opened windows for her, and sometimes by gradual processes, sometimes suddenly, the old restraints passed away. In one of her letters to Mr. Crossley, to whom I make reference in another chapter,[1] she touches on the matter in a way which illustrates what I am saying.

> "You see this whole question of demonstration depends so entirely on the spirit which prompts it, that while the things of the spirit remain to the natural man foolishness, it would be impossible to find any demonstration at all which would be agreeable to him. I have proved this by long and painful experience amongst both professors and worldlings. I worked for fifteen of the best years of my life exclusively amongst the middle and upper class

[1] See Chapter XV.

people of the type to which you refer, and I always found that until they yielded to the Spirit of God in their own souls, any expression of *feeling*, however modest, was distasteful to them. You see, dear friend, all men are by nature ashamed of God and His claims on their hearts. . . . The whole history of the Christian Church shows that Satan has always raised the loudest and most determined opposition towards any demonstration of real feeling in religious exercises, such as men naturally allow and practise in all other subjects. If he *has* to let anyone love God, then he insists on their doing it quietly, and keeping all expression of it to themselves. . . . Your generous heart is concerned for the 'cold' ones, as mine was for twenty years: but, dear friend, when we mourned to them they did not weep, and now we pipe to them they will not dance. . . ." [1]

Catherine Booth was a warrior woman, ever in the battle when her poor physical frame would allow. She combined practical sense with deep mysticism. She was aggressive and yet saintly, a teacher of holiness and yet —what is not always true of such teachers—an evangelist turning many to righteousness, some of them from the very depths of sin and despair. She was a social reformer, and before her indignation many a vested interest quailed, but none was more tender than she in dealing with a soul. She was intensely sensitive to every kind of cruelty done to the dumb, the weak and the helpless, and the spirit with which even as a girl she would interfere whenever she saw an animal ill-treated

[1] "The Life of F. W. Crossley," by J. Rendel Harris.

remained with her throughout life. She did not lose that sensitiveness by contact with a world in which there is so much cruelty, intended or not.

Furthermore, she did a great work for her sex, vindicating their call to preach the Gospel of Christ. No work on the emancipation of women would be complete without a record of her service.

The remarkable thing is that despite all these labours and interests she fulfilled, and more than fulfilled, every obligation of wife and mother. The woman of the household was not lost in the soldier. Her home sympathies were never dulled by the claims of the platform. I do not know that the one-time popular gibe against the woman preacher, that she should go home and mind her children, was ever spoken against Catherine Booth, but in any case it would have fallen ridiculously flat. She began her public ministry when I, her eldest child, was five years old. But her own home was never neglected for what some would call—I doubt whether she would have so described it—the larger sphere. Both alike had been opened to her by her God. She saw His purposes in both. In the humble duties of the kitchen table, her hands busy with the food, or in the nursery when the children were going to bed, or at the bedside of a sick child, she was working for God's glory.

She was a wise mother. She never coddled her children, but on the other hand, she was no rigorous disciplinarian. She never permitted those indulgences to which over-fond mothers are inclined, but she was not a Spartan. The invariable rice pudding as a stand-by on the table—with currants in it on high occasions—was symbolic of her attitude. If the children did not like what was set before them, it was not exchanged for some daintier dish, but they could always have " a little more "

of the rice pudding, so that no one need leave the table hungry! In her bringing up of children, in days when mothercraft was a word unknown, she showed not only sound sense but a very original mind.

Before everything she was a mother, and a mother in the most domestic and practical sense. For example, she made our clothes until we were ten or twelve. She could not only sew, but cut out and plan with anyone, the only drawback being her health. She was a most economical woman. She not only patched our clothes but made us proud of the patches! She used to patch my knickerbockers until I was almost an exhibition, and when I remonstrated, "The boys will laugh at me!" she would reply, "Never mind, Willie, it will be good for your soul." Thus early were we taught to swim against the stream of outside opinion, custom and respectability. We were, in every practical way that was available, taught to despise the world. She was far from being an indulgent mother, always shielding her young. Rather she had that greater conception of Motherhood which dares and risks great things for its offspring. I have said that "Spartan" is too hard a term to apply, but she did at last, like the Spartan mothers of old, send her children to battle and bid them come home either with or on their shield.

How zealous she was in guarding us from companionships which would not have served the interests of the kingdom! For instance, we never went to children's parties and the like, because of her fear lest we be influenced—as no doubt we should have been—in a wrong direction. She really separated us from the world, perhaps to our loss so far as this world goes, and that may have been quite as much a cross for her as being separate herself. We had as children very few friends, scarcely

any acquaintances, outside our family circle. In our education, in the books we read, the games we played, the amusements we were permitted, the clothes we wore, the ceaseless conversations and discussions that were encouraged amongst us, a separation from the worldly spirit of the time was ever kept in view.

Catherine Booth was, of course, the daughter of her time. She had many of the limitations which went with the Puritan temper in the middle of the nineteenth century. She took, for example, an extreme view about fiction. She did not herself care much for fiction, nor did she give her children fiction to read, and she held strongly that many family difficulties, particularly in relation to sexual problems, which emerge so early in the case of many young people, were brought about through the reading of fiction. There is, of course, fiction and fiction, and she was not perhaps very careful to discriminate. I know that she did read certain fiction herself—Harriet Beecher Stowe, for instance, including "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "Dred," and "The Minister's Wooing," and she also read Shorthouse's "John Inglesant." No doubt her strictures seem severe, but they require for their understanding some knowledge of what lies behind them.

Here is a letter to one of her daughters which throws some light on the general question:

> "I have not changed about the school. I still think a great deal of the teaching would be useful to you, and I should like you to have it, but I fear the associations will lead you to strive after too much, and to imbibe a worldly spirit and aim. I do not think your desire to learn *sinful*, if it be subordinated and rendered helpful to your serving

God; but you see, it is so difficult for us to judge for ourselves as to whether things are thus subordinated. I am sure I don't want to think one unjust or unkind thought of you. I never loved you so deeply—not when you were my baby girl, as pure and beautiful as a snowdrop; but oh, I do so want you, and all my children, to live supremely for God. I do so deeply deplore my own failure, compared with what my life might have been, that I feel as though I could die to save any of you from making a mistake. I see, as I never saw before, that all God wants with us, in order to fill us with the Spirit and make us flames of fire, is that we should be honest and whole-hearted with Himself; and I want you to begin life by being so."

Her main care was for her children's souls, and she set herself to win them for Christ. She had the joy of seeing all her children converted, and at the time of her death, all of them in the Salvation Army. In passing I should like to say that the joy of seeing the children yield themselves to Christ has been repeated in my own family, as also their deliberate choice of service in the Salvation Army.

I am afraid that I, being the eldest, was made the subject of an unusual number of domestic and educational experiments. One thing hammered into her children from their tenderest years was the need for good manners, courtesy, and, in boys especially, courtesy to women. I always had an idea that in this respect, both in the home and outside of it, I acquitted myself with some credit, but I have come across a letter in which my mother states that I did not always give her proper attention. I was at that time not quite three years old!

To disobey, however small the matter involved, was to incur her highest displeasure. Hers was not that insistence upon obedience observed in so many grown-ups, which is derived from the fact that obedience in children is the more comfortable for the grown-up, it was her appreciation of the fact that obedience is a necessary principle in education, growth and development.

She was intensely practical. For example, we were always encouraged to express sympathy with beggars and tramps, and whenever we took an interest in a particular tramp—as we did in some cases—she would say, "You can give him your pudding." Then we put our pudding together, and to the tramp it was given. She believed in hitching not only the wagon to a star, but the star to a wagon!

Again, with servants, when there was a jangle such as occasionally arises in every home where there are children and servants, and one of the children had been rude or disobedient to a servant, she would say, on the penitent child's asking presently to be forgiven, "You must go and ask Sarah." Another great lesson which we learned from her was the absolute equality in every obligation and privilege of boys and girls. And above all else we learned the great necessity of sincerity. Natural gifts, high intelligence, notable achievements, social position and wealth dwindled into nothing as we listened to her words and watched the working out of the principles which guided her own actions. And first among her principles was love, love for God, and therefore love for each other, love for the outcast and the wicked, the poor and the oppressed, love for animals and birds, love even for the characters of history.

I sometimes feel that it was in the nursery when we

were yet small children, and later on in her room, kneeling beside her bed while she gave us her wonderful counsels, that there developed in her many of those powers of insight and of direction—spiritual direction—which came afterwards to be so graciously used in her public work, in her speech and correspondence, and in her part in the councils of The Army.

Something of this motherliness overflowed into her relations with people who were complete strangers to her. One morning when she was journeying from the North of England, a young man was suddenly thrust into the compartment as the train was leaving York. His travelling kit was thrown in after him. On seeing Mrs. Booth alone he sat down and exclaimed under his breath, "—— the women!" After a little while she spoke to him about the influence of good women, and gradually drew from him a sad story of disappointment and failure. Before they reached King's Cross he had knelt with her before God, and he remained a friend for many years.

Writing to a young woman, also casually met on a railway journey, she says:

> "May it not be that He Who would be the Bridegroom of your soul has opened this little door of communication between us on purpose to press His suit upon you? Oh, dear Miss ——, if you could only know the new life it is to know Him and the power of His resurrection, how you would be bound to meet the overtures of His love! I am a perfect stranger to both you and your surroundings, but sure I am that you have not altogether missed the chastenings of the Lord nor the drawings of His Spirit, though perhaps love for other things or

the deceitfulness of riches may hitherto have caused you to resist His strivings; but will you not now open your heart to the Blessed Holy Spirit, and cry, 'Teach me Thy way?' Oh, that this line which I felt impelled to send may reach your inmost heart, and lead you to look to Him Whom you have pierced! Amen! Lord Jesus, so let it be."

And in all her relations with her children there was ever the higher purpose and wish with regard to them, nay, the highest. To her daughter Emma, who became widely known amongst us in later years as the Consul,[1] I find her writing in the early days as follows:

"I have been 'careful about many things.' I want you to care for the *one* thing. I would give my heart's blood this moment to see you in spirit a Nanny Cutler! I would far rather be that woman now than Gabriel. Look onward, my child, into eternity—*on*, and ON, and ON. You are to live *for ever*. This is only the infancy of existence—the schooldays, the seed-time. Then is the grand, great, glorious, eternal harvest. 'He that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting.' Glory! The battle will soon be over. Oh, shall we not win the field? The Lord help us to resist evil, even unto blood!"

Again and again in her correspondence there comes out a splendid confidence and hope for those she sought to help, so that she was in a very real way the Mother in God to large numbers of comparative strangers. The following reveals something of the spirit which, burning as a flame in her own soul, touched with light and hope the souls of others:

[1] See Chapter X.

" Supposing that you are in yourself of a restless and discontented nature, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?' Are we bound always to remain what we were at the beginning? If so, why did it 'please the Father that in Him should all fullness dwell?' *What for*, but for our emptiness, and want, and weakness? 'Where sin abounded, grace doth much more abound.' By watchfulness on our part, and discipline and succour on His, what may we not become? We may even 'adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in *all* things.' It is not of nature's tree the fruits of the Spirit spring. It is from the tree of the Lord's own 'right hand planting.' Here is encouragement for you and for me. The top-stone of our renewed life is to be brought forth shouting, not '*Nature, nature!*' but 'Grace, grace *unto* it!' 'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him, Who is the health of my countenance and my God.' Watch and trust, and nature will be conquered. The Lord help you!"

Finally I quote two treasured letters which she wrote to me. The circumstances which evoked them can to some extent be inferred from their contents. The first bears the date, November, 1877, and the second, November, 1878. The second was written in reply to some suggestion of mine, weary as I was at the time through continued invalidism and grave misgivings as to my fitness for public service, that I should take up some inferior post:

" Be assured that you were never so dear to my heart as now. The first time I clasped you to my

bosom I am sure I was not conscious of so great a joy as I have felt in hearing of your enjoyment of and dedication to God. I rejoice over you with singing (inside, at any rate), and love you with a love above that of earth altogether. The Lord bless you and grant that you may wax stronger and stronger. Don't be discouraged at difficulties. Those who are to lead in the fight must be prepared to see their comrades fall *and run* as well as the enemy, and must be willing to stand alone, if need be grasping the standard even in death. All men will go on seeking their own, more or less, to the end, but you are to be a Paul who *seeks* nothing but Christ and *Him crucified*."

And the second letter is almost more characteristic. It is a war cry if anything ever was:

"No; the General will not *have you*. You are a man yourself, and as much worth for spiritual work as himself. Don't you think it, that you are going to be anybody's second. No, no! You've got to face it, old boy. You're a General, and you must take the field and head the troops. Get your throat well so that you can shout your orders."

Dear Mother! Great Mother! Mother in God, in very truth!

CHAPTER III

CATHERINE BOOTH'S PUBLIC MINISTRY

CATHERINE BOOTH, so different from her husband, was nevertheless in many ways singularly like him. He and she both had a force of character that would not bend to circumstances. Both had an overruling love for humanity, a high appreciation of the place of experience in religion, and something almost akin to disdain for the conventionalities of the Churches. Both were by nature, as well as by grace, leaders of others. Both had the magnetic gift of winning for themselves and their cause enthusiastic and unquestioning devotion. The crowning possession of both was the love of God shed abroad in their hearts.

In the impression they made in their public work they differed considerably. I wish I could adequately describe my mother as she was on the platform or in the pulpit. She arrested attention, first of all, by the modesty and simplicity of her manner. Her quiet dress—in later years the uniform—her gentle mien and devoutness, her avoidance of anything designed to draw attention to herself, disarmed the critics and led would-be interrupters to change their minds. One of our present bishops described to me how, as an undergraduate at Oxford, he once went with a party of friends to hear her preach in the Corn Exchange there, and was quite prepared to

have a little fun at her expense, but within five minutes she had captured the attention of all the group, and in five minutes more had made a way to their hearts. To many who did not know her by sight, but only by reputation, her first appearance was a complete surprise. "What a slip of a thing!" they would exclaim. Her first sentences, always spoken with great deliberation and with careful modulation of voice as though measuring the demands of the building, created interest and curiosity, and soon she was carrying her audience with her in her developing argument.

One of the most attractive qualities of her utterances was their naturalness. She dealt with themes as old as human life itself, yet she managed to give a freshness and informality to her addresses which made them seem new to her hearers. She used no hackneyed phraseology or stilted repetitions. Her addresses always gave the impression of an ardent spirit clothed in the sympathy of a true woman. She reasoned with her audience as Paul with Agrippa. Here is an extract from an address:

> "No mere intellectual beliefs can save men, because right opinions do not make right hearts. Alas! we all know the little practical effect opinions have on character. Look around you. Do you know any man who is not a thorough intellectual believer that chastity is better for a man or woman in the end than uncleanness? Is there any wicked, even profligate, young man who, if you could take him aside and talk freely to him, would not tell you that he believed that chastity was the best for a man, and yet you have only to look at him to see that he is a sepulchre of uncleanness and debauchery. What avails him his intellectual

belief in chastity while he is a slave of his lusts? What better is the man who believes in chastity, and yet sins, than a man who does not believe in chastity, and sins? As a French infidel, answering a caviller against holiness, said the other day, 'You believe, and sin; I do not believe and sin. Where is the difference? It seems to me that I am the better of the two.' Exactly; for however true or grand a man's beliefs may be, of what use are they if he does not act them out? Can faith save him? Nay, verily; but such a faith can damn him!"

My mother's power as a preacher of righteousness increased with time and practice, and her success largely determined the direction in which she was to develop. In the last ten years of her public work her speaking became greatly enriched by the experience of her own life in God, and by her wide observation of men and things.

In her speaking she had not the "surprise power" which was so useful with my father. With her, especially in her prepared addresses, one felt a certain inevitableness of what was to follow after hearing her opening sentences. Given her starting-point, there was no escape from the conclusion. In speaking to the unsaved, she would often obtain one or two simple admissions from the audience—admissions which, because they bore upon some universal fact, looked so harmless—and these would presently become the ground of a tremendous indictment. Again and again, at the close of an address, I have heard men of widely differing classes exclaim with conviction, "Oh, my God, I never thought I was like that, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

In the smaller after-meetings, which followed most of her public services, it was not at all uncommon to find penitents confessing to lifelong frauds or other hidden wrongs. Men put into her hand cheques, sometimes for considerable sums, on behalf of those they had deceived or injured in years gone by, and others made confessions and entreaties to her to help them in restoring unions which had been shattered by cruelty and unfaithfulness.

I recall some features of her sermons as they struck me in later years. They were always addressed *to* her audience, and were very far from being mere essays about some theme of whatever importance. Her addresses and lectures were always, or nearly always, attractive and effective, but it was through the sermon that she did her chief work. Here she reminded me again and again of counsel pleading with judge and jury for the life of a prisoner. The fixed attention of the court, the mastery of the facts, the absolute self-forgetfulness of the advocate, the ebb and flow of feeling, the hush during the vital passages—all were there.

Her reasoning was really persuasive. Her audience was not required to take leaps with her, or to lose touch with her because she took leaps. Speaker and audience advanced together. She had a gift of lucid statement, and few even in the roughest crowds could fail to see the idea she was seeking to enforce. In this connection the feeling that what she said was a prepared message often helped. It gave a weight and deliberateness even to her most impassioned appeals which always added to their effect. Her vocabulary was large, even rich, and I seldom found her at a loss for the right word, or, indeed, for the right figure and illustration, the word or figure itself often suggesting some extension of her idea. She often ventured to lay hold on one word—usually a word

that was in itself an appeal—to repeat it again and again to enforce her thought. Notice the repetition in this passage, on the joy of winning souls:

> "We cannot help but be proud of godly and obedient children; but what will it be to show your spiritual children to the angels? How shall you feel when you gather the spiritual family which God has given you before the Throne of your Saviour, and say, '*Here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me*'?—the children won through conflict, and trial, and strife, such as only God knew; children 'begotten in bonds,' as Paul says—children born in the midst of the hurricane of spiritual conflict, travail, and suffering, and cradled, fed, nurtured, and brought up at infinite cost and rack of brain, and heart, and soul; but now, 'Here we are, Lord! We are here through it all!' 'Here am I and the children whom Thou hast given me.' How shall you feel? Shall you regret the sacrifice? Shall you murmur at the way He led you? Shall you think He might have made it a little easier, as you are sometimes tempted to do now? Oh, no, no! THE CHILDREN! THE CHILDREN! You shall have children! Won't that be reward enough? Bless God!"

On the other hand, there was not lacking an element of irony in some of her addresses. Lecturing at Cannon Street Hotel she said:

> "Well might the Saviour say, 'The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.' I wonder how long that will remain true! I wonder when the children of light

> will rise up and say, 'Is this a necessity? Are we born to the heritage of fools? Are we forced to hinder the chariot car of progress? Must we always be in the background? Can we not learn wisdom from the children of this world? And if this glorious Gospel is what we all profess to believe it, can we not put forth more thought, more effort, and more care to bring it to bear upon men?'"

The form of her sermons would, I suppose, be called old-fashioned to-day. She was far too wise and considerate of her hearers to give up the old *firstly, secondly,* and *thirdly*. Whether or not this afforded her any assistance in keeping in touch with her audience I cannot say, but I am quite sure that it helped them to follow her, and, therefore, made her message more powerful with them.

Above all this, we felt that her heart was in it. The emotional kept pace with every movement of thought or purpose, suffused it all. I do not mean the emotional overcame her, or that she was a "weeping prophet," but in her reasoning, declamation, and entreaty her compassions were always evident. Her sympathy spread out like the sun, warming and comforting nature. A professional stenographer of that time, Mr. William Chisholm, who was engaged to report many of her addresses, sends me a reminiscence bearing on this:

> "One of the most powerful of her addresses was that delivered in the old St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, in which she presented an indictment of the Christian Churches, pointing out what they might have done and what they had failed to do. The counts of this indictment were heaped up with a force so cumulative, and with such a completeness

in effect, that Mrs. Booth herself at last seemed overcome, and finally sat down in a flood of tears."

Disturbances in the meetings did not unduly distress her; on occasion they even helped her. She had not the same gift of repartee, and the instant perception of the weak points of an interruption, as the Founder, but there was a kind of motherliness about her which had a wonderful effect on the disturbing elements in an audience. I remember one instance of her quiet way with interrupters. She was preaching in a crowded circus, and was much interrupted by one man, whom at last she caused to be fetched to the platform. She then said, "If this gentleman still desires to speak when I am finished he shall have the opportunity." On his interrupting again, she said, "This only means that I shall have to take longer, and you will have less time at the end."

When preparing for her public utterances she felt a deep sense of responsibility to offer her very best. The "best" varied, of course, according to her state of mind, or of health, or the surrounding conditions, but at the time it was always her best.

The order of her preparation was, first of all, to consider the subject as a whole, and to seek out any Bible passages bearing upon it. Then she would jot down, probably in quite an informal way, any heads of thought or illumination that occurred to her or which any authority might have suggested. When these had been arranged in their proper sequence the details and applications could be worked out. Afterwards a brief outline, very neatly written on narrow strips of thin paper, was prepared, and this, her mind being charged with the subject, she would refer to when speaking.

Thus the external structure, if I may so call it, came into shape. But there was an internal structure, also wherein every thought was gradually clothed with purpose and emotion and compassion—in short, with a part of herself—so that the sermon as a whole was a personal interpretation of the truth as she believed and felt and proved it, and thus was presented to her Lord to be used for His glory.

Her inherent sense of responsibility, arising as it did from her own deep spiritual experiences, made some who knew her impatient of her demands. She felt so profoundly the importance of her messages, as also a measure of divine guidance in declaring them, that she did, no doubt, at times appear to be assuming a great place as teacher, and even as judge. But this was not because of any assumption of superiority or desire to dictate. It was because, being conscious of her power to discern the true and the false and to separate them, she not only loved the true with a passionate love, but loved to declare it. She was, no doubt, at times severe. Here is one passage, referring to some deplorable means of raising money:

> " Never mind righteousness—the Church must be supported, if the money does come out of the dried-up vitals of drunkards and harlots; never mind, we must have it. Never mind if our songs are mixed with the shrieks of widows and orphans, of the dying and the damned! Sing away, sing away, and drown their voices! Never mind; we cannot have it looked into, and rooted out, and pulled up. Peace; we must have peace. . . ."

The inner development of her soul went always, I think, in advance of the outer development in her voca-

tion. It was because she came to be what she was that she came to do what she did. This applies, not only to the later years, manifestly the most fruitful of her life, but it was true all the way. Before every step forward in public service, or any definite taking of fresh responsibility, or any declaration of the truth as she saw it, there was the renewed inward submission, the closer personal approach to Jesus Christ, and the test of faith—" naked faith," as she named it—in her God. The consciousness of her own definite call, and the travail through which she passed in first coming forward with her message, followed by the turmoil and anxiety associated with leaving Methodism, strengthened her for subsequent conflicts. When the question of going out of their Church, with its assured position, in order to reach the people outside was exercising the Founder and herself, it was her *faith* that carried her forward, something in her which was really part of her inner life going ahead of the new departure, the stepping out on to the waters. The difficulty of personal support was urged with great seriousness by their friends upon her husband and herself. Writing to her parents on this in 1861, she points out that none of their objecting friends would think it right not to obey the call to go to the people outside if only they had an income:

> " . . . Then I ask, does the securing of our bread and cheese make that right which would otherwise be wrong when God has promised to feed and clothe us? I think not. I am willing to trust Him and to suffer if need be in order to do His will.
>
> " William is afraid—he thinks of me and the children—and I appreciate his love and care, but I

tell him God will provide if he will only go straight on in the path of duty. It is strange that *I*, who always shrank from the sacrifice, should be first in making it. But when I made the surrender I did it whole-heartedly, and ever since I have been like another being. Oh, pray for us yet more and more."

A little later she writes to her mother:

"It caused me many a struggle to bring my mind to it, but once having done so I have never swerved from what I believe to be the *right* course, neither dare I. . . . If my dear husband can find a sphere where he can preach the Gospel to the masses I shall want no further evidence of the will of God concerning him. . . . But I cannot believe that we ought to wait till God guarantees us as much salary as we are now receiving."

Looking back now, and reading her early letters and writings, I see how at first, remarkable as she was, there was that about her which was untried and crude, perhaps, viewed in the light of her own later experiences, even narrow. The standards she set up for herself, and never lowered, were the standards to which she felt all must conform or fail. The truth as she saw the truth must be received by all or there would be no truth in them. It was splendid, of course, but it made hard going for many who longed to follow her as she followed her Lord.

Then I see how, as her own spirit was more and more set to fine issues, as she more and more drank in the life and love of Jesus Christ, and more and more realized the awful depths of weakness and selfishness and darkness to which men sink in their sin, there came to fill

her heart the tender compassions of God. Love, in her own view of life, came to hide many deplorable frailties, and, as the Apostle says, to cover a multitude of sins. "Judgment," she would say of some of whom we had high hopes and who had failed us, "must be not merely according to the wrong they did but according to the light they had."

Catherine Booth's was a fighting soul. Perhaps even more definitely than her husband, she conceived Christianity as a holy warfare, its forces as an army with banners. Take the hot phrases of this letter to one of our friends, T. A. Denny, written at a time when The Army was being attacked and its leaders slandered by some leaders of the Churches, who had just held a private meeting to consider the subject:

> "Things will out, notwithstanding those honourables! I hear they wish their dark sayings to be regarded as 'strictly private.' Think of our calling a meeting at Headquarters to consider these gentlemen's theology and morality! And after blacking them for two hours and a half, sending them word that we loved them as well as ever! Doubtless this is quite true, for their love has been of the Sanballat and Tobiah type, and verily theirs shall be their portion, so far as our Jerusalem is concerned. (Neh. ii, 20.) Well, we are going on with the *wall*, and our God will prosper us, and you will be our Artaxerxes! We will, by the power of God, build up a spiritual and *holy* Jerusalem, and make it hot work for the sneaks. Wait a bit! My beloved has got another revenge ready for the Devil. The more he fights us the worse it will be for him. I feel as though I could beg from door to door and go

without my necessary food to get the money for that notorious hell trap, the Eagle!" [1]

There is the fighting woman! She constantly pointed us to Paul fighting the barren ceremonialism of a dead religion, assailed by slander, beaten, stoned, imprisoned, deserted, his beloved work all but undone, a violent death ever staring him in the face, yet pressing on, risking all, fighting on whether he won or lost. Sometimes when I have listened to her words, alike in the public assembly and in conversation, and have felt her power to touch with grace and exactness any note in the gamut of human thought and feeling, I have said, "Surely, the spirit of the Apostle himself is again in our midst!"

Her ardent spirit felt especially the coldness and unfaithfulness of many of the religious people of her day. She knew the Churches better than any of us. Her eloquence and refinement made her welcome in many circles where her husband would not have been invited. The unreality of much of the teaching, the lack of boldness and courage in declaring the truth, the love of the world, the shrinking from conflict, the prevalence of false notions, all created in her soul an infinite sadness. No doubt she was severe, but I at least know the infinite and gracious tenderness that lay behind her severity.

"The more I see of fashionable religion," she says, "the more I despise it; indeed, how *can* fashionable religion be any other than despicable. I was thinking the other day what a reproduction of the same classes of character this age presents as were in Jerusalem when Jesus lived and died. The Pharisees of that day *wanted* a Christ! Oh,

[1] The Eagle Tavern, City Road, London, an evil resort, purchased and converted by The Army.

yes, but He must be a *reigning* Christ. And now there are thousands talking about His 'second coming' who will neither see nor receive Him in the person of His humble and persecuted followers. Christ manifested in flesh, vulgar flesh, they cannot receive. No: they are looking for Him in the clouds! What a sensation there would be if He were to come again in a carpenter's coat! How many would recognize Him then, I wonder? I am afraid it would be the old story, 'Crucify Him!' 'Away with Him!' 'Whoever denieth that Jesus *is* come (not *did* come) in the flesh is antichrist.' Oh, for grace always to see Him where He is to be seen, for, verily, flesh and blood doth not reveal this unto us! Well, bless the Lord, I keep seeing Him risen again in the forms of drunkards and ruffians of all descriptions."

CHAPTER IV

THE FOUNDER—MY COMPANION AND FRIEND

OF several aspects of my father's various personality I have treated in the volume which preceded this. But as one reflects upon that amazing life, to which the passage of years gives the proper perspective, recollections ever crowd into the mind, especially those of a more intimate character, some of them almost too precious to be put on public record.

I have used the word " various," and, indeed, various he was, though not in the sense of being disintegrated. Plato says " The horses of the soul's chariot pull different ways," which might mean, not what nowadays we should call moral anarchy, but that the horses pull with different strengths—so as no doubt greatly to vary the result—and yet pull the same way.

Something of this kind was always going on with my dear father. Forces, influences, impulses—what should I call them?—so varied and numerous as to cause astonishment, were ever pulling him this way or that, not contrary ways, but ways whose common goal was not always easy to see. His deep love for humanity made him set a high value on all things human and drove him to the help of the forlorn and forgotten and unfortunate. His fine appreciation of the love of God ever urged him to call men to friendship with the Divine. His courage and zeal for righteousness led him into holy war against baseness, oppression and wrong of every kind. His humour and a certain tendency to specula-

tion on life urged him towards a kind of stoicism, mixed, however, with a perennial hopefulness that nothing seemed able to kill.

All this made him very interesting in the contacts of daily life. There we saw the great unrest that was in him—the "horses" that pulled.

Here I want to speak of him as my companion and friend. No doubt we were thrown together in a very unusual way. From the time of my early teens I enjoyed a large measure of his confidence. Later my official work as his chief executive Officer made me acquainted with all the perplexing affairs of his unprecedented and difficult position. I knew his anxieties and what caused them. I shared his griefs, some of the most bitter of which arose from the failure of those he had trusted.[1] I witnessed his disappointment when campaigns from which he had expected much came to little or nothing, and when carefully thought-out schemes and plans went awry. In short, I was behind the scenes, and saw not only the inner working of the Movement, but of his, its leader's, mind and life and experience. I saw the reaction upon him of obstruction and opposition as well as of success and achievement.

The public view of him is that he was irascible, but this is a superficial estimate, a case of not seeing the landscape because of the brier bush. There is no doubt that his uncertain health had a great deal to do with his moods. He was never really a strong man physically, or, rather, he was strong with some weak and troublesome elements in his constitution, so that suddenly he could be really quite ill, helpless even, and as suddenly return to normal. All this had to be taken into account

[1] This experience was painfully repeated at the close of his own life.—F.E.B.

in dealing with him. In arranging his different campaigns, for example, especially if long journeys were involved, we had to use all our powers of restraint and seek earnestly for preventing grace from on High lest he be completely overdone and commit a kind of suicide by overstrain. The finest machine that the engineering skill of the world could produce may be destroyed by the overheating of some simple part, or by overtaxing its capacity. We realized this when he did not, and we had to " hold him in."

Some of my most amusing and yet serious personal encounters with him arose out of this very thing. No matter how closely arranged might be the programme for a campaign, he always wanted to get in something else. When I say " always " perhaps I ought to qualify it, and say up to the age of seventy-five! He would spend half an hour discussing, arguing, demanding, all with regard to the addition of some meeting not in itself very important, and our pleasure in having arranged with some skill, as we thought, a practicable tour, would be damped.

Certainly he was exacting. He was, indeed, most generous in recognizing any special skill or enterprise we had shown in arranging his work, but he was at the same time extraordinarily particular over many little things which might well have been left alone in view of the general success of the undertaking. I have sometimes put it to him in this way when he has been vexed about something—or even when he has been pleased—that he would be dissatisfied at the moment of victory on the field if he noticed that a gun of one of the batteries had come up with six horses when it should have had seven. And his reply would be, " Yes, Bramwell, but if there ought to have been seven I should be right to be vexed because there were only six! "

It was my good fortune to help him both in his literary work and in his preparation for the platform. There again no man could have been more generous in recognizing even the smallest service. But he did not like to take from another hand anything that was vitally important. It was only the minor things that he was prepared to accept from others. The main thing must be his own. He would hand over to me the bare bones of an address and ask me to give it some garb of flesh, but I knew that any help which was to be acceptable must be only on subsidiary aspects—knitting the ideas together, embellishing, perhaps, but not altering the main theme. If I produced anything of radical importance to the subject his remark would be, "I asked you to mend this up for me, I did not ask you to make it your own."

A great autocrat? Yes, indeed, and one who spread his personality over his whole environment, so that one could never be indifferent to it. He never let anything pass without expressing some opinion on its relationship to us, to The Army, and to the work of God. In political questions as such he took very little interest, but in the bearing of many such questions upon the life of the people, especially the common people, and on the religious life of the community, his interest was very keen. He had great faith in a religious background to the life of the people, not only of this but of all countries. To him man was fundamentally religious, religion the great end and interest of life, and, in consequence, his attitude towards a revival of religion was always expectant. Even for France, where perhaps he produced less impression than in any other country that he visited, he often prophesied a great revival of religion.

He was a traveller born. Of his life as a traveller I cannot speak with very much personal knowledge because

it was so difficult for both of us to be away from the centre at the same time. But when we did travel together his gentleness towards and carefulness of me, less inured than himself to travelling stress, was conspicuous. He was always anxious that I should get sleep, and he would insist upon the food being as I liked it. Only rarely would he go himself into the dining-car; he had food brought to him, but he did not do badly in that respect as a traveller.

This leads me to say something about his habits with regard to diet and sleep. His diet was always a simple affair. For the greater part of the last forty years of his life he did not eat butcher's meat, nor did he care for poultry. Never was there a man tempted less by the table. The dish he fancied most was some good vegetable soup. As for sleep, he had the enviable power of summoning it under any and often difficult circumstances. No matter where he was, or what the exigencies of the campaign might be, he would take half an hour, or a little more, of sleep in the afternoon. He was always a middle-day dinner man, and immediately after the food he would go to rest. In later years, when he had suitable billets he would undress and lie down on the bed, the room being darkened for him, and no matter how weary he might have been before, he would wake after a forty-minutes' sleep perfectly refreshed and ready to start on his afternoon campaign.

What was frequently set down as his irritability often was in reality a very lively sense of humour. He had an instinct for the humorous in many things when other eyes were blind to it, and he suffered the misunderstandings to which the humorist is liable. When he was only chaffing it was thought that he was vexed. What was really a chuckle was interpreted as a growl. His humour

might have been of a more sardonic quality if it had not been for his cheerfulness. He had a sanguine temperament, a great advantage in itself, but it was governed by his living faith in God. In his darkest hours of anxiety and perplexity he could cast his eye back upon the way along which God had led him and then salute the future with courage and good cheer. He used often to say to me, "We are lost for want of faith," and I knew he meant that we, as leaders, should depend for our reserves not upon this or that material factor, but upon God.

The Army's financial need was among the problems he and I most often discussed together. There again he always fell back upon his trust in God. A favourite expression of his, which he often used in most difficult circumstances, was, "Don't leave God out!" One of the pictures which comes back to me is of the dear old man in his dressing-gown, standing at the door of his home, saying good-bye after a conference over perplexing matters, "Good-bye, don't leave God out!" In many of his private letters that expression was a slogan. Sometimes it would recur in the same letter, "Bramwell, we must not leave God out!"

The mention of that familiar old dressing-gown—he particularly liked the camel-hair—tempts me to a digression about his clothes. To his old clothes he was very much attached; he did not like new things. In his later years I have sometimes, at the request of his housekeeper, gone through his wardrobe and sent away a few things which seemed past remedy. When he complained of missing them I explained that they had been sent for the use of the poor fellows in the Shelters. "Bramwell," he would say in his whimsical tone, and not without a note of reproof, "I wish you would do your charities at your own expense!" That dressing-gown, by the way, on

one occasion nearly led to disaster. He caught his foot in it and fell down some stairs. The secretary and housekeeper rushed up, fearing the worst, but there he was, rubbing his head, " I always said that my head was the hardest part of me."

Yet that dressing-gown was the mantle of the prophet, rent like Ezra's for the sins of the people. It was my custom when we were both at home at Hadley Wood to go over to his house, which was quite close to mine, to say good night, no matter at what hour I might get home. We were very much attached to one another, there was great personal affection between us; he liked to say good night, and it was always a joy to me, however weary, to bring that little comfort to him. One evening I had been working late in the City and caught the last train home. It was after midnight when I went across to him, but there was an arrangement between us that if a light were showing in one of his windows it would indicate that he was still about. The light was burning that night, and I made my way to his study, one of the two good rooms in his small house; this was after he had lost the sight of one eye, and in order that he might move about his study without difficulty the furniture had all been arranged against the wall. I opened the door and saw that he had not heard me. There he was, in his dressing-gown, with a towel round his head, for he suffered a good deal at this time from headaches, marching with folded arms up and down his study floor. Lest I should startle him I closed the door softly again, made some noise, and reopened it.

" General," I said, " what are you doing at this time of night? You ought to be in bed. Don't you know it is nearly one o'clock? "

" I am thinking," he replied.

" Yes," I said, " but ought you not to be asleep? "

" No," he said, " I am thinking."

" What are you thinking of specially? "

For answer he put his hands on my shoulders and said, " Bramwell, I am thinking about the people's sins," and then he added, with great intensity, " What will they do with their sins? "

I shall never forget the impression at that moment. It was as though a window had been opened into his inmost soul.

That intense realization of the truths he preached, of the problems he had to face, of the people and their sins, was no pose. It was part of the earnestness of his being. He was not, like most people, intent upon some subjects and languid on others. He had the power of throwing himself into this or that subject, whatever it might be. It was more than mere passion and energy, it was a great overflowing intensity. This it was, partly, which gave him his power on the platform and enabled him to carry with him great audiences of people more or less opposed to him, or at any rate not sympathetic to his teaching. His passion in speech was not confined to the platform, he was passionate also in private conversation on great themes.

His compassions were as intense as his zeal. The very last words of his last public address were, " While women weep as they do now, I will fight." Some men, thinking of the masses, forget the individual, or, immersed in organization, they are oblivious to the human. The Founder remained a very human man. Of all his letters those which gave him the greatest satisfaction were letters, which he frequently received, from fathers and mothers calling down blessings upon him for what he had done for their lost boy or girl.

Of the expressions of his affection to me and to other members of his family I can scarcely bring myself to write. They were made on all sorts of occasions, to those who did not know him they might almost appear extravagant; but his loving heart went with them and beyond them. I have before me now a letter written to me in the early 'nineties on board R.M.S. *Scott*, Southampton, when he was setting off for his voyage to South Africa. It begins:

> " My precious Bramwell,
>
> " I must send you a last ' farewell.' To write it seems a little formal and a little difficult, when my heart is so very full, and my head so occupied.
>
> " But I do want you to realize that I leave you with my whole-souled confidence in your affection for me, and of your purpose to carry out to the very uttermost of your ability my wishes.
>
> " To say I love you, and have loved you all through these years of conflict and difficulty, with a deep, unfaltering affection, is only to repeat what anybody knows who is about me. However, I say it to you again here, and if we should, in the providence of God, meet no more on earth, I want you to cherish the assurance to the last moment of your life, and then we shall gather at the river, and rejoice in the light and joy of His love for ever. . . ."

Some of the words are underlined in his characteristic way, and he goes on to give directions which show his thought and solicitude for every member of his family.

The occasion of that letter was his setting out on one of the first—not quite the first, for he had already been to America—of those great world journeys which made the world his parish to a degree which has been true of

no other man. Yet whatever new scenes broke upon his sight, however immense the multitudes that passed before him, he never lost that eager eye for the individual. He had a quite extraordinary gift for recalling people, not for recalling statements, but persons, faces, characters. His characterizations of the public men he had met, including great rulers and statesmen, as well as of ordinary folk, were most vivid, and the impression on his memory was permanent. Few men have been so interesting as a talker, but, unhappily, we had no Boswell.

I might add a word about his closing days. I do not believe that he would have died when he did had it not been for his disappointment over the operations to his eyes. He had the very best advice obtainable. His surgeon was a leading man in the profession and only too ready to give him every help. The operation on his remaining eye took place at Hadley Wood. He could have had it anywhere, but the surgeon said this bright countryside was the best. On the morning of the operation we had a kind of winding-up talk on certain matters, and all at once, in the midst of the conversation, the Founder said, " Chief, I shall not get through this." I said, " If you feel like that, don't let us have it." " No," he said, " I shall go through with it now." Having made up his mind, he would not turn back in spite of the premonition. The operation failed. On the third day the condition was such that the doctor sent again for the specialist, and there was a consultation, but the eye could not be saved.

He bore the doom of blindness with great fortitude, but he knew then that only a few steps ahead was the bank of the river.

CHAPTER V

MY CONVERSION

FROM infancy I was surrounded by the influences of a most glad and earnest piety. My mother gave me up to the love and will of God literally from my birth, and early spoke to me of the solemn promises she had made on my behalf. My father not only claimed me for Christ, but soon became the personification of all that my young heart could believe to be good, noble, and true. Yet before many years had passed I found that a great part of me was in some way against my parents and what they wanted. I only came to see this little by little —probably I never saw it fully—but so far as it was clear to me, it made me at times, young child as I was, unhappy, even acutely miserable.

Outwardly I was what would be called a reliable child. No doubt I was also affectionate, and, being the first of the family and perhaps more than ordinarily companionable, I was thrown much into association with my mother, especially when my father was absent from us, as was the case for a great part of my fifth and seventh years. She had the gift of divining my thoughts, and often when she found that my small powers were being taxed to understand her cares, she talked to me with a freedom not usually in evidence between parents and children—especially boys—of such tender years. This helped to make me older than my age.

Certain records of those very early days reveal this intimacy in rather a striking manner. For example, I have some letters written to me when we were separated, which are dated 1861, that is, when I was five years of age, and which show an opening of her mind to mine, and mine to hers. They are rather long letters, and evidently written with great care. I quote some portions from two of them:

"Hayle (Cornwall),
"*August 15th*, 1861.

"My dearest Willie,

". . . I do hope you are praying to the Lord every day to help you. . . . If you are, I know this letter will find you happy and joyous, because when little children are *good*, they are always *happy*. But I never knew a naughty child to be happy in my life. . . ."

A month later, still from Cornwall, apparently in reply to something from me, my mother wrote:

"I fear you begin to think it is a long time before Papa comes to fetch you, and I am sure I think so, too. But you see we cannot always do just what we would like. We have to wait till the Lord lets us, and we may be always sure He knows best.

"You see, my dear boy, your Papa and I came down here to do the Lord's work, and although we have worked very hard, we have not yet got it all done, and we dare not leave it till we think we have finished. . . . The Lord does not let you want for any good thing. . . . Do you ever think about this and thank Him for all His kindness? . . . I often wish very much that you were here. I am quite tired of being without you all, and sometimes

I cannot help crying about it. But then I try to remember that the Lord knows best. Do you ever pray so? I hope you do."

The whole trend of my very earliest training was towards spiritual things. It began almost with the dawn of consciousness. I knew nothing, for example, of the rhymes and fables of ordinary nursery life. But I did know and sing many sacred songs, and my opening powers were exercised to take in their meaning. My first childish recitation is thus spoken of by my mother in writing to her mother in 1859. At that time I was just three years of age.

"You will be very pleased with Willie. He loves to listen to stories about Joseph, Moses, Daniel, and the Saviour. Indeed he can 'p'each,' as he calls it, very nicely. You would like to hear him repeat, as he throws his arms out, and speaks through his eyes:

'All ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
Your ransom and peace
Your surety He is.
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like His.'"

I have never heard it said that I was precocious as a child, or that I had any brilliant parts, or was specially attractive; but I have gathered from various sources that in a curious way I was trusted, even by strangers, and early taken into many confidences. So it came about that while still very young, I was allowed to share, in my simple way, in some of my parents' serious anxieties.

My misery about wrongdoing, and the wretched sense of being in some way against my mother, of which I

have already spoken, assumed very definite shape when I was about seven years of age. My father was conducting just then a series of meetings in a circus at Cardiff. I was allowed to attend many of them, and it was there I gradually came to see and feel that this in me, which had seemed to be opposition to my people and their wishes for me, was really opposition to the Spirit of God.

I look upon the night when my young mind woke up to that realization as being the beginning of my conscious experience of spiritual things. I was present at a number of the meetings, and became more and more unhappy. My mother, of course, was aware of a struggle going on in my young heart, and, with great tenderness and carefulness, tried to help me. But it could not be; there was only one source of human help at that time, and that was within myself—my own will—and I was curiously unwilling to resort to it. The culmination of this experience was reached when at last I definitely refused my dear mother's appeal to give myself to God. She seated herself for a few moments by my side in the ring of the circus during one of the after-meetings, and said to me with great tenderness, "You are very unhappy." When I replied, "Yes," she added, "You know the reason," and again I had to say "Yes." Then came the clear question as to giving myself to God, and I said, "No." She put her hands suddenly to her face, and I can never forget my feelings on seeing the tears fall through them on to the sawdust beneath our feet. I knew what those tears represented. But still I said, "*No.*"

Lest it be thought that I am reading into this early chapter of my spiritual experience some of the thoughts and emotions of later years, I am endeavouring to fortify

this narrative as far as may be, with my mother's letters written at the time. Of the incident just related, I find that she wrote:

> "For some little time I had been anxious on his (Willie's) behalf. He had appeared deeply convicted during the services, and one night at the circus I had urged him very earnestly to decide for Christ. For a long time he could not speak, but I insisted on his giving me a definite answer as to whether he would accept the offer of salvation or not. I shall never forget the feeling that thrilled through my soul when my darling boy, only seven years old, about whom I had formed such high expectations with regard to his future service to the Master, deliberately looked me in the face and answered 'No!'"

During the months that followed this event I remained in a very unhappy state of mind. Sin was revealed in me and I came to see how its power was slowly increasing. My parents treated me with loving patience. They did not say much to me, except when alone, and then they led my thoughts rather away from myself and my struggle. I remember, however, how my father's prayers at family worship (always impressive) seemed to take on a new meaning for me, and in the brief reading of the Bible—which was part of my daily schooling—much that I found came straight home to me.

In the following summer the Founder was holding an eight-weeks' mission at Walsall, and I was permitted to attend. As at Cardiff three months previously, so again here, though more intelligently, I realized that I was living in a kind of opposition to God. As the services

proceeded, I felt myself in a new and a more serious way to be a sinner—in short, to be bad at heart. A kind of alarm came over me. I gave up my games. I began to pray, with boyish zest, for help. I was truly miserable in the clear sense that I was wrong. But I was unwilling to submit myself to God and acknowledge it. I could not bring myself to say " Yes " where I had already said " No."

In the course of the special services at Walsall one night was given to a children's meeting. I attended it. The place was nearly filled with children, the majority older than I. My mother gave the address. I remember nothing of it now, but at the time I felt that it contained an appeal to me to give myself up to Jesus Christ. I resisted for some time. The enemy of souls made a final appeal to my pride, in that this was a children's meeting, whereas I—a privileged person—had the opportunity of surrendering myself at the services for adults. But after a severe struggle, I felt I must settle the matter, and I went forward to the front of the chapel where other children were kneeling. I now saw the evil of my own heart as I had never seen it before, and I was completely ashamed and broken down.

I remained some time on my knees trying to seek after God, when a young man, of whom I knew and know nothing, came and spoke with me. I was in great distress, and he asked me to try and be calm, and to tell him what it was I had to give up to God. I told him how wicked I felt I had been, and he asked me in what way. Did I tell lies? I answered, " No." Was I an evil-minded boy? No. Then what was my sin? I confessed first my self-will. I had light to see that even when I was obedient outwardly I was often rebellious at heart. He said that was one of the greatest evils—it

was going against the One who died for us. I saw indeed that it was.

He inquired further what else? I said I was proud. I was a preacher's son and hated to come out and confess that I was a sinner. My faithful friend did not spare me on that account. He said—how well even at this distance of time I remember his words—that pride was the greatest sin of all, indeed Satan's great sin, that it had cast him into hell, and that it would send me there. I felt it to be true, and I trembled. In my distress I even cried aloud. And then he left me.

A little later my mother came and knelt down beside me at the communion rail. She asked me two or three penetrating questions, and then put her hand upon my head and led me to cast myself, with faith in His promise, upon my Saviour. Gradually light came to me, and the accusing sense of guilt was taken away, and then my Lord gave me the assurance that I was forgiven and made one of His own.

As I passed outside the building, a realization of great joy overcame me. My heart was filled with love. I almost felt as if the Saviour in person had Himself spoken to me. Along the street as I walked with my dear mother I could hardly feel the ground we trod upon. No doubt this was in part a reaction from the gloom which had spread over my soul in the preceding months. But it was really as though all things were different; as though, indeed, all things had become new. And, praise God, as later events proved, they had!

After reaching what was then our home, my dear mother joined her tears of joy with mine, and the beloved father gave me his own blessing.

I quote one more letter from my mother to her parents:

> "Willie has begun to serve God; of course, as a child, but still, I trust, taught of the Spirit. I feel a great increase of responsibility with respect to him. Oh, to cherish the tender plant of grace aright. Lord, help!"

It will not surprise anyone who has read what I have here written when I say that I am a firm believer in the salvation of young people. Equally, I am convinced that this new beginning, or as Jesus Christ describes it, this new birth, is the necessary introduction to a life of true religion, of true godliness. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God."

I am afraid that much of the weakness and failure to be found to-day among Christian professors of every creed arises from the fact that they have not known this gracious experience—this new creation by the Holy Spirit. Thus we see the appalling mistakes of the Churches in leading their people to think that religion consists in a set of opinions, or in the observance of certain forms and ceremonies, or in the possession of nice and good feelings, whereas it really consists in a new life—life through Christ—and in the spirit of love —love to God and to those around us.

It may not be easy for young children to see this, but I am convinced from my own observation of the lives of numbers of children and young people, that it is possible. We must keep on expounding and explaining until they do see it.

It is undoubtedly true that a man may be dead while he liveth. He may be a good man—virtuous—sincere —unselfish—and yet if he have not this life of God and the living communion with Him which that life brings, he is *dead*.

Writing on this matter, in his invaluable book on "The Training of Children," the Founder says:

> "Here, as on all other questions, you may profitably use illustrations to explain what you mean. You might show them [the young people] what a tree would be without any sap in it; what an animal would be without any life; what a body would be without any soul. And so they will be brought to see how powerless and odious and rotten all religious professions and practices and notions and feelings are without *this divine sap*, *this heavenly life*, *this divine love* which dwells in the soul of every true saint, constituting his power for endurance and service, and which at the gates of heaven will make him meet to be a partaker in the inheritance of the saints in light."

CHAPTER VI

SCHOOLDAYS

THE foundations of my education were laid by my dear mother, and my principal textbook was the Bible. We read it together. From its pages she drew innumerable lessons which have never left me. Her expositions were delightful, and under her influence many of the most profound teachings of history and revelation found a sure place in my mind, a place from which they have never been dislodged.

After about my ninth year I was passed on to governesses, three of whom, succeeding one another, stand out in my recollection. Two of them, by the way, accepted salvation while living in our home, and later became successful workers in the Mission. I admired their characters, and they succeeded in interesting me, though as teachers they suffered greatly by comparison with my mother. I fear, however, that I did little to assist them by taking trouble to learn. What I did learn was due to their perseverance and skill rather than to my receptivity. No doubt they got something into me, if only on the sausage machine principle, but as for my getting into *it*—I fear I was a disappointment!

I went from this domestic instruction to a tutor. He was a remarkable man, Irish and a Roman Catholic, something of a traveller, with several modern languages at his command, and a good deal of classical lore in addition. He was a Trinity College, Dublin, man, a Doctor of Laws, but had been broken down through

drink. He had a small annuity which he eked out by private teaching, and my father paid him the modest sum of one shilling an hour to come to me for three hours on three mornings a week. He was the most delightful and felicitous teacher I have ever met or heard of in the ability he had for fascinating his pupils. He had two pupils at our house, myself and another lad who came to take lessons with me. He made every subject live for us, though, I believe, he took chiefly subjects in which he himself delighted! His "lessons" were greatly helped by a clear voice, a vivacious manner, and a charming vocabulary, enriched by just a trace of Irish brogue. I consider that my indisposition to bother with some subjects until I was in the region of middle life was due in large measure to the distaste I got for ordinary books after imbibing his most brilliant, though perhaps sectional, instruction. If we had been a roomful of men at Oxford instead of a couple of gaping boys, the "Doctor's" lectures could scarcely have been given with more exactitude and eloquence, or have been more apt in literary allusion and quotation, or more complete in references for subsequent study.

Mathematics, which appealed to me, was a subject on which he was strong, and, by the way, one of the minor sorrows of my later years has been to hear that Euclid is not entirely to be trusted! He also captivated our ardent minds—mine at least—with the knowledge he had acquired by travel. He had spent years in Rome, meeting there men from the ends of the earth, and had been a frequent visitor to France and Spain. He helped me, brought up as I had been in what would nowadays be called a narrow circle, to feel a wider sympathy for men of other faiths which came to be a source of strength to me in later years. While I never saw anything in him

which attracted me to Roman Catholicism as such, and never heard a word from him which indicated any desire to lead me in that direction, he managed to win the sympathy of my boyish heart for his fellow-religionists. He was one of those few Roman Catholics of real ability who, while feeling a genuine devotion to their own Church, can yet speak with something approaching sympathy for Luther.

There was another side to my relationship with my strange and brilliant tutor. I knew, of course, his weakness, and naturally sympathized with my father's efforts to rescue him from his alcoholism. He lodged in fairly comfortable rooms in the Richmond Road, not far from our home, which overlooked Victoria Park, and occasionally I called upon him there. More than once I found him drinking, and then, with great trepidation, I would expostulate and finally pray with him. He was always most gentle and touched, perhaps also a little ashamed at these times, and knelt down with me. But, of course, no reference was ever made elsewhere to these visits!

It was during this period that I came for a short time under the influence of another brilliant and attractive man—the late W. S. Lean. My father asked him to examine me now and then, and investigate my progress under " the Doctor." Mr. Lean was a charming man, and while his learning and school manner quite overawed me, he made me feel how fine it was really to know things. Mr. Lean, then a tutor at University College, became later a Church of England clergyman, and then again, for a second time, a minister of the Society of Friends. He was a good friend of mine up to the time of his death.

From " the Doctor " I went to school proper, to a preparatory school, in the first instance, for the City of

London. Here I was much abused, because of my religious scruples, by some rough school-fellows, who did not stop short of physical torment, with the result that I received injuries which accounted for a good deal of ill-health in after years.[1] My school life did help me at least in this one direction, that there I received the world's first blows and learned to bear them. I was soon nicknamed "Holy Willie," and treated with almost every kind of indignity that the rather cruel mind of a certain type of boy could suggest. I was very conscious, also, of being a continual object of amusement to many of my fellow-scholars, but I cannot say that it has ever hurt me very greatly to be laughed at on account of my religion. I held on, and went from this preparatory school, which was in Finsbury Square, to the City of London School itself, not the present fine building on the Embankment, but its predecessor in Milk Street, Cheapside. I was told that up to that date I was the youngest boy to enter my class or form—to which admission was by a school examination. Among the mixed recollections of those days which come back to me is of how I used to take my lunch, in the form of roly-poly or a dish of pasty stuff, and eat it in St. Paul's Churchyard, with the ceaseless hum of the City around me, while I enjoyed feeding the pigeons with the crumbs. I made one or two good friends during that time, who helped me to fight my battles and remained my friends in after-years.

All the masters at the City of London with whom I had to do impressed me favourably, especially our mathematical master, who was indeed a great teacher.

[1] No doubt partly my own fault, for the Master was a most liberal man and showed me great kindness afterwards. I ought perhaps to have complained, although that was the last thing I thought of doing at the time.

The master of our form, Dr. Brady—" Brother Brady," as he was familiarly called by some of his pupils—impressed me less, but still, he was a genuine, good-hearted, not to say jolly friend to the boys. He was, I fear, too much inclined to wink at irregularities, among them the improper prigging of lessons, chiefly, perhaps, through his constitutional indisposition to take much trouble over anything! Of me he took kindly notice from the first, not, I am afraid, because I showed any special ability, but perhaps because I was conscientious in my preparation, and because he found that on various occasions my papers had been taken from me and used by other boys. It was my refusal to hand over my papers which largely accounted for my disrepute with them.

The system at that time in vogue among certain " sets " in the school was bad alike for the worker and the loafer. What happened in my own case was very similar to what happened to others. I was asked soon after my advent, in a fairly decent way, to *lend* my papers to certain boys, all older than myself, that they might copy them. For this I was offered money and certain advantages of treatment in school. On my declining, though the money was a temptation, I was informed that the papers would be taken from me just the same, and taken they were, though I both protested and resisted. Discovery came without my saying a word, from the fact of my errors in a certain lesson being rather closely repeated in a number of papers. Certain inquiries were made and I was asked before the whole class if I had worked for other boys. One question led to another till out came the whole story.

As may be imagined, my popularity was not exactly added to by these circumstances, but from that time I

was treated with a kind of respect which I found agreeable after the derision and rough horse-play of the preparatory school, and much of my life was just the jolly life of a happy boy.

Apart from a few practical jokes which I did not so very much mind, I was not subject to any special attention by the rougher set; rather the contrary. My religious leanings were soon known, and though of course it was difficult—as it was unusual—for so young a boy to reprove or advise, I did enter that field of effort, and I believe with good results. Boys gradually got into the way of asking me for advice, and many were the curious queries about religion that I have answered walking along Cheapside or round by the Guildhall or sitting in the Churchyard. I was quiet, in part because I was trying to think out some problems of school life—and boy life—as I then saw them, but although I did wish that the boys, especially the older, were more serious, I was not a "spoil-sport." I was happy in my own happiness and I was glad that the other fellows should be happy in theirs. What I sought for in them with humble and sometimes prayerful anxiety, was that they might receive the spirit of Christ.

The chief service rendered to me at the City of London School, however, came through the encouragement of Dr. Abbott,[1] the brilliant "Head," then a comparatively young man. He was really the first person to awaken in my mind any definite idea that I might be able to do something. He kindled a little flame of intellectual aspiration, and with it a sense of confidence and of

[1] The Rev. E. A. Abbott, D.D., was Headmaster of the City of London School from 1865 until 1889, and under his guidance the school took a position as one of the most efficient schools of its kind in England. Dr. Abbott was the author of many works of a scholarly character.

responsibility. Although I was a young boy, very diffident and quite unknown, with little or no family influence, and the school numbered several hundreds of pupils, he took individual notice of me, sent for me on several occasions to his room, encouraging me in the kindest manner, and telling me that my papers gave promise of future proficiency and so forth. I am greatly his debtor.

I was not long at the City of London School before my health broke down, and although my education was in many ways hardly well begun, my days of formal schooling were over. In the long convalescence that followed a double attack of rheumatic fever, resulting in heart trouble, I was without any definite educational direction for more than two years.

During that time, however, my mind was not lying entirely fallow. I was thrown into contact, while I wandered up and down the country seeking health, with various intellectual people, among them a young man who belonged to one of the old families of Spain, who greatly strengthened my faith by airing his own unbelief. I also read a good many books, though miscellaneously, and among the things which assisted my mental training at this period I would certainly include chess, which helped me greatly in concentration and taught me other lessons also.

I took up my education again seriously for a time, after I was well on the way to recovery, and did a certain amount of steady, purposeful reading and study for a year or so. I wish that the time then and afterwards spent on Greek, which I thought likely to be useful to me, had been spent on French and German, which would have served me better in after-life, and that the time I gave to music had been devoted to divinity. Still,

this effort had its uses, for in education it is less in the goal than in the striving thereto that lies the profit.

Looking back at my broken days of school education, I can say that I gained something, though not much. Even as a lad I seemed to see—what I became convinced of later—how meagre were the results of a large part of public school work. The boy with exceptional gifts who takes trouble with himself, especially if it looks as though his future career would bring lustre to the school, is helped and encouraged; and, in some cases, so is the backward boy, who, in order that he may not be an actual discredit, receives some personal guidance. But the great mass, the average boys, who are neither precocious nor very backward, get little assistance compared with that which they might receive under a different system. If they can be depended on just to get through, it is sufficient. The consequence is that they are turned out by the thousand from these great schools every year, having gone through endless misery over Virgil or Horace, with a disposition never to look at a serious book again, and without any true sense of the infinite charm and beauty of their mother tongue, hoping never to stumble upon a quotation in any other lest they be expected to give its English equivalent! Even when they do attain a fair working knowledge of the two classical languages, they rarely obtain any real acquaintance with the thought and life which those languages express. To take one instance only of this—surely with the everlasting rendering of Latin verse there might go some serious study of the Romans' contribution to civilization and law. It is much the same with half the subjects that are taught in the usual curriculum. They are taken with mill-like precision, but they do not bite.

The influence, the value, the reform of the school is a subject for a book, not for an incidental reference at the end of an account of such scanty school experiences as mine. It has often seemed to me that schools, while in some directions they develop the child, in others they repress him; that even when they give him something of value, they take something of greater value away. I remember in a conversation with my father on the subject he once said to me, "Bramwell, where do all the beautiful children go? We never seem to see them any more." And I made reply, "Of course, they go to school!"

Even as a boy I gained the idea, which has since been strengthened in a hundred ways, that we were not intended to be trained and taught in crowds. God's idea for the training and education of the young was surely that they should be set in little groups, not in the stiff regimentation of large classes. The family is His creation, not the form of forty boys or girls, or the school of four hundred. Children should be brought up close to the parent tree, not planted out, whilst still tender saplings, to meet alone the bitter and sometimes uprooting blasts.

Education among nearly all Western peoples is too materialistic. How little is done, for example, to awaken in the ordinary boy any real sense of the supernatural, or to appeal to the spiritual in him, and yet how infinitely important that his soul should be awakened and that the spiritual in him should be appealed to lest he grow up little more than an animal. What immense consequences for good would flow from a perception—yes, even by the average lad—that in spite of the evil in the world and in the flesh within and without him, the good, the spiritual, is the real, the eternal; invisible

indeed, but *there*, able to unite itself with the Divine, and, if believed and encouraged, invincible at last.

Modern schooling may include Scripture as one of its subjects and " Chapel " as one of its daily doings, but all the same it egregiously fails to spread the knowledge of things unseen, and to present the higher choices in life, which are the choices that really matter. It is never too soon to ask the youthful mind in which world it is seeking to make its way, and to make plain that if the other world is indeed chosen there will generally be involved the taking up of the Cross and rejecting the favour of this present world, its wisdom and its fame. As it is, the child only too often receives at school his first lesson in the fatal notion that the gaining of this world is the only thing worth while to pursue!

Is it not a painful, perhaps even a dreadful, thought that so large a proportion of boys and girls lose after two or three years of school life any tender respect for religion, and any true fear of God which they had when they began their schooldays? May this not be because of the almost total lack of definite religious appeal in school life? How many thousands of men I must have met, even in my brief journeyings, who with sorrow have had to declare, " No one ever said a word to me about these things when I was a lad! " And yet, in my own limited experience of schools, I saw undoubted proofs of the deep impression for good which a few earnest and sincerely spoken words could effect. Children have souls. Boys and girls are embraced in the offers of God's mercy and forgiveness. They are included in the promises of the Holy Spirit. They are called to take up the Cross and deny themselves and follow Jesus Christ. Why should that call so seldom be heard in the schools?

CHAPTER VII

BEGINNINGS IN SERVICE

THE happiest religious influences surrounded my childhood, nevertheless the constant repetition of religious exercises, and the fact that I knew that my parents' hopes centred on my consecration to the Service of God, aroused in me a distaste for the whole business. It was a happy surprise to me myself that all this vanished when I was converted. I discovered I loved prayer, which I had before often considered rather a bother. The meetings which I had not always attended willingly became a delight. This change gave me a delightful sense of surprise.

In my thirteenth year I first began, in the presence of adults, to bear witness to the fact of my salvation. This was at a small meeting in the house of our friend, Henry Reed, near Tunbridge Wells. There, while on holiday, I met two lads, both older than myself, who were unconverted. They were present at a private meeting in Mr. Reed's library, and I felt that I ought to testify in their presence of God's goodness to me, and did so.

While staying there I kept a journal, a fragmentary affair, but it serves to bring to mind some of the hopes and desires of those early days. I take these entries from the faded pages:

"*Friday, July 16th*, 1869.

"Good meeting—a great blessing. Very happy.

Mrs. Sharpe wept very much—worked on by the Holy Ghost. May the Lord deepen the work. Fred kind—very. *Heart not at all well.* . . . All very kind to me. I want to get nearer to Him—to be more like Him. . . . Mr. Reed very kind."

"*Saturday, July 17th.*

"Happy. God is with me. Wrote to Miss Short—received no letters. Talked to Fred about lying. Heart middling (*sic*). Miss Reed very kind—love her much. Mrs. Sharpe also. . . . I want to be bolder for Jesus Christ."

"*Sunday, July 18th.*

"Trusting in Jesus for present moment and letting to-morrow alone. Talked to Arthur very much and he seemed affected."

"*Wednesday, July 21st.*

"Jesus remains with me. Bless Him."

My next effort was in connexion with some meetings for children in the underground kitchen of a hall which our Mission then used in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green. The meetings were held on Sunday evenings, while the adult meetings were proceeding upstairs. They were of the simplest type, but they made a deep impression on my own mind. I not only gave a short address, but I organized all the gatherings. There was a gracious, moving influence on the children who attended. A number of them knelt at the mercy-seat and asked for the forgiveness of sins. I spoke to many, and there opened up to me a world of human need and tragedy. Some of the revelations made to me by those children of the conditions under which they lived and the insuperable difficulties they met in trying to be good

have never been forgotten. These meetings were marked by a circumstance which, though trifling, I must nevertheless regard as the beginning of that fight against adverse conditions which I have so often faced in public work. The room was infested by rats, and while I was speaking the rats would appear, necessitating frantic efforts on my part to drive them away without letting the children know what was happening. Had the youngsters seen the rats, there would have been an end to the meeting. Boys and girls would have scattered, the boys for one reason, and the girls for another!

Then there came to the Mission a man named Rapson, who had a great gift for influencing children. He encouraged me in my efforts, with the result that the meetings assumed larger proportions. Presently we had a larger meeting-place, and perhaps two hundred or even three hundred children attended. We had a few leaders appointed to assist us, but in the main the affair was left to us. Here we got our baptism of fire. Rough lads and girls occasionally broke up the gatherings.

We had a penitent form for children willing to yield themselves to Christ. I arranged that those who came forward were welcomed. A girl was stationed at one end of the form and a boy at the other—both were converted—and the duty of the boy was to grip the hand of every youth who came forward, and that of the girl similarly to greet every young sister. I continue something of this kind in my meetings to this day. When the call is made for decision a woman in uniform takes her place at one end of the penitent form, a man at the other, and the people who come forward are conscious, not only of a vacant place where they may kneel, but of a sympathetic face and a welcoming hand.

After I had gone a little further into public work

there came the interruption of my illness. I had rheumatic fever, which stopped all work, and left me a legacy of heart trouble. For two years I lived the life of a vegetable. I studied my Bible and read seriously, which no doubt helped me afterwards, but I am afraid it was not very vigorous study, and as for recreation, I could not for a long time play even a game of croquet. My chief diversion was chess.

After a partial recovery I went back to the Mission, whose business affairs occupied me in the main. At that time I began my work as a local officer. I held various posts, fighting many a hard battle in the streets as well as in the indoor meetings.

Later I began to speak in the open air. I had not the advantage of a powerful voice, and in other respects I was a very faltering and nervous beginner. But I persevered. Our instructions were not to argue with or answer interrupters. But I found that I succeeded in getting and holding a much larger crowd by running a kind of conversation.

About this time a hall was set apart entirely for children's work. I was anxious to organize the converted children for further instruction. In this hall in Whitechapel I held meetings, and among other enterprises I took what we called a class for converted children. It was very similar to a Methodist class meeting. These were to me most delightful gatherings. They were fruitful, too. Most of the children in later years became officers in the Salvation Army. The class became a hothouse of spiritual life. No doubt I had exceptional opportunities, but I was earnestly concerned for my " members," followed them up to their homes, prayed with them, and on occasion with their parents, and helped them in various ways.

For some time I was what we now call a Ward Sergeant, and from this work I entered into a more responsible position as an employed official of the Mission. It was in 1874, when I was eighteen years of age, that I came thus definitely into the Mission service. I did not consider that my entrance into that service pledged me to a life of public ministry. I took service for any work that I could do, but I was in the midst of a great controversy with myself, which continued for at any rate three years, as to whether I could be what is called a public man. I was very conscious of my limitations, and suffered much from the desultoriness consequent on semi-invalidism. Further, I was immensely burdened by the importance of the work of public teaching. Instead of rising to the opportunity of speaking to the unsaved, I was, oftener than not, bowed down by it. My concern in this matter was perhaps accentuated by untoward events, such as the sudden death of some of those whose souls I had just begun to seek. I shrank from the burden of the Lord!

I take from a journal kept during 1875 and 1876 a few typical entries which indicate something of my difficulties and my doings:

"*Saturday, April 15th*, 1876.

"Spoke at Soho in a Hallelujah meeting. They (our people) were pelted in the open air with cabbages and turnip-tops, etc., and one woman came and smashed one of the brethren full on the face. He bore it. I had a good time. The Holy Spirit was at work."

"*Sunday, April 16th* (*Easter Sunday*).

"A blessed day with Katie (my eldest sister) at Hammersmith. Felt much of God's presence.

Preached myself in the afternoon from ' A peculiar people,' and although no freedom, I was helped to speak very plainly about conforming to the world. Some wept, and I believe were blessed.

" At night I was much exercised in opening the service. God was mightily there. . . ."

" *Monday, April 17th.*

" Open-air on Mile-End Waste. Led procession and then went to Poplar."

" *Sunday, April 23rd.*

" I have just come home from preaching from Neh. iv, 20. A very poor do. I have been resolving, first, that I *cannot* preach, second, that I *won't* preach the sort of thing I have been doing this afternoon. . . . I am all in the dark as to what I am going to do."

A year later:

" *Monday, May 14th,* 1877.

" Very busy, very down, and very poorly all the week. Much agitated in mind as to the future. I seem to lack the force, ability, and application which I see are positively necessary to do the work I am attempting. . . . A secular employment would certainly be much easier than this."

" *Sunday, May 20th.*

" Last Sabbath I preached to thirty folks at Canning Town in the morning. . . . In the afternoon passed on to Plaistow. Open-air meeting. In the evening returned to Canning Town. . . . Preached with some freedom. . . . One backslider restored. Walked home, which made a day's work

of some twelve miles' walk and four services. And I am supposed to have a diseased heart! "

" *Tuesday, December 11th, 1877.*

" Four months since a line was written in this book. . . . I have passed through more conflict than I could have thought possible on the matter of preaching and public work generally, but I feel more settled lately. . . . I rejoice in God my Saviour, my salvation, my all. More and more He is laying on my heart the need and importance of holding up constantly the Holiness Flag. . . . O Lord, help me to show forth Thy praise."

Looking back on those inward controversies now, I can see how the Devil used much that might have helped me only to discourage and silence. I was retarded also by my ill-health. Until I was nearly forty I never fully got over the weakness which followed my early prostration. In spite of all this I came thoroughly to enjoy every opportunity of speaking in the open air.

I began to travel for the Mission, visiting the provincial stations, and after 1877 I was very frequently away from London.

I was much helped by the encouragement of my mother, who always felt that my vocation would be that of public witnessing for God. I have quoted from letters from her to me on the subject elsewhere in this volume.[1]

It was also a great stimulus to me to be permitted to see results of one kind or another in most of my meetings. I was helped, as I still am, by the correspondence which, even in my earliest days, reached me—not only the correspondence which is grateful or sincerely inquiring, but that which is hostile or critical. If my

[1] See page 32.

appeals have been powerful enough to stir either approval or disapproval there is a presumption that I have been travelling along the right lines.

When one's life and one's work are so bound up together that the one can never be considered detached from the other, it is difficult to single out for reflection the causes which contribute to one's development. I think I should be inclined to place first the fact that, like most of our officers, I have had the joy of seeing much of the fruit of my own work. Not to everyone who ploughs and sows is it permitted also to reap, though it is a vital part of our Salvation Army teaching that " in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Certainly, the sight of results has been vouchsafed to me, and has been a perpetual encouragement. It has made me desire them more and more, has led me to toil for them and expect them, and has extended my faith in God Who gives the increase.

Then it has been a great advantage to me to have to fight all the time. The opposition which The Army has encountered, much of it from unexpected quarters, has often harassed and perplexed me, but it has had its cheering and heartening aspect too. My reading of history is that the principle of opposition to God's work, and of hatred towards His witnesses, never dies down. It fluctuates according to the circumstances of the time, but we, living nineteen centuries after the Apostles, cannot claim an exemption from the toil and tribulation which were theirs. The world is always hostile. If the fire of opposition is not always at the blaze, it never goes out! We have been confirmed in our views of the essential rightness of The Army's principles by the character of the forces which have come forth against them. We have learned that such opposition, while it

may check and embarrass the work at this point or that, or may even cause the line to give way here and there, really does, in the long run, if we survey the field as a whole, help rather than hinder. Obviously it brings about a rapid development of personal godliness in the men and women who have to bear the brunt of it, and thereby the whole host gains reinforcement, and the timid and hesitant who step to the fight are made strong and bold. Natural force commonly takes the line of least resistance. In The Army it is the line of most resistance we believe in taking. Where the road is roughest, where the entanglements are most intricate, where the very way lends itself to the strategy of the Devil, there is the way for us. It is the way of life and conquest. I do not mean to say that I have not myself often shrunk from the difficult path and wished that there were an easier way if only God could be equally honoured upon it. But I see now that the thing above all others that enabled me to press forward was the deep, settled conviction that God's way of progress is a way of conflict.

Looking back I also perceive that from the first days of my officership I saw religion to be essentially practical, not a matter of theory and theology only, but of life and conduct. Theory there is and must be, since man is a reasoning being, but theory is not religion. The three years of severe bodily weakness of which I have already written compelled me to live in places where no meetings of The Army had up to then been organized, and in consequence I saw something of the inner life of other religious communities. Although I was not of mature age, I observed how easy it was for a participation in the forms of religious worship and the hearing of sermons to be accepted in place of vital godliness of heart and life.

I saw, too, how possible it was to exercise a kind of charity towards one's fellow-men, and yet to have no religion which would express itself in downright concern for their souls. This clear perception was of great value to me when, at a later period in Army history, we were pressed into philanthropic and social work. We were determined that entrance upon these activities should not mean the loss of one dear note in The Army's original and continuing message to the world. In explicit terms, what has shaped itself in my own mind with regard to practical religion, and what I have tried to urge on others, is that what God requires of men is not merely the doing of righteousness, but the loving of it, not the outward keeping of His laws, but the burning longing to keep them, and that this new love and eagerness can only flow from a changed heart.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the influence of my development from the fact that from first to last I have had to work hard. Hard work was, in the first place, an immense help to me from the point of view of my health. Even through the years of physical weakness when I was in my later teens I kept a tenacious hold of work of some kind. At fourteen I was not expecting to live to be seventeen; at seventeen, though I was stronger, the doctors gave me little hope that I should reach twenty-one. But although I had other helps to recover, such as hydropathic treatment and a strictly vegetarian diet, I owe more than I can say to hard work. Constant toil kept me interested, which is tantamount to being kept alive. It dispersed my rheumatism. It enabled my heart to set up compensations which gradually counteracted the original deficiency. It brought me back to health. But for work I should have settled down to an invalid's existence.

This was not the only advantage of hard work. It opened out such latent capacities as I possessed. It helped me to discipline my own nature. It hardened me against those depressions and fluctuations of feeling to which a delicate youth is liable. It took from me the opportunity to indulge in those pleasant but time-dissipating pursuits and interests which do occupy so large a space in the average existence. I do not claim to be specially industrious by nature. But the fact that all through my life I have steadfastly occupied myself has resulted in such a development of my powers and capacities as now enables me to do some things far more quickly than I was able to do them years ago. The right use of time should result in the ability to get more out of every hour every year we live.

Another thing which has been of incalculable help to me has been my association with the common people. I confess that in the early days of our movement I often felt an unworthy humiliation when I had to walk the streets with coarse-mannered, dirty, badly-clothed East-Enders. I could not help the reflection that in education, upbringing, and manners I was certainly very different from them. Not much harm, perhaps, in the reflection, but certainly harm in taking pride in the fact, as I did. But contact with the people saved the situation. It showed me the grandeur of their spiritual life, the intimacy of their knowledge of God. It swept away at one stroke my foolish Pharisaism. I began to see in the navvy, the washerwoman, the factory girl, a spirit of priceless value. I realized, not only, as Lincoln said, that God must love the common people because He had made so many of them, but also that they had a capacity for knowing God and for obeying and enjoying Him, and a courage in suffering for His sake, which often did

not belong in the same measure to people of wealth and refinement, whose possessions and graces might easily hinder instead of help in seeking to qualify as disciples of Christ. I urge all my officers to keep close to the common people, to associate with them, to avail themselves of invitations into their homes, to listen while they pour out their troubles, and to try and understand their feelings and their point of view.

The discipline of The Army has helped me. I have learned through a study of the operation of Army principles better to understand the work of God with the human spirit. Especially in the early days, but all through the years of my officership, I have myself been subject to the most rigid discipline. Those who read between the lines of earlier chapters will understand that in a large measure the beloved Founder of The Army lost sight of the father in the General, and of the son in the Lieutenant. He was a hard master, to himself first and most of all, but to others also, and he did not spare his own flesh and blood. I incurred the sledge-hammer of his wrath when I failed, and his whip of small cords when I lacked in courage and determination. But it taught me obedience. If my life proves that I have any ability to command, it is because in a somewhat hard school I have learned to obey.

And so I come to perhaps the most obvious factor of all, that of being intimately concerned with an organization which I, at least, have regarded not as a machine, but as a living thing, expressing itself in a diversity of works controlled by one aim. I think of the poor little group of East End mechanics, costermongers, mill-workers, who first gathered round our flag. They were the first small ripple from the casting of the stone into the still waters more than half a century ago, and the ripples have

gone on in widening circles until their circumference is now almost that of the world itself. What praying and striving and self-denial goes on day by day in our ranks! What organizing and inventing power is at work! What music and song, what enthusiasm and go, what pleading, alike with the crowd and the individual, what faithful dealing, what instruction in the highest things, what testimony rich with personal experience, make up its unwritten record every day! What continual extensions of the vanguard into fresh territory! What continual consolidation of the territory already won! And who has called it forth? What is it but, first and last, the result of faith in God working by love, the faith of a people who believed that things could be while yet they were non-existent. By faith they subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions. Yea, by faith they attempted to do the impossible—*and did it!*

CHAPTER VIII

A SOLDIER'S WOOING

ONE morning in 1880, when I was leaving my people's home at Clapton Common for the City, I found a maid opening the door to a caller, who was inquiring for "Mrs. Booth." I noticed that the visitor was an attractive girl of about eighteen, and her appearance impressed me. She was quietly dressed, but I remember still that there were blue cornflowers in her hat, and I confess to the thought that they became her! I passed on my way, but a kind of mental picture was formed, and it reappeared during the day—a quite unusual thing for me. When I returned home at night, I was interested enough to make inquiries. I learned her name. She was one of those who had been blessed at meetings my dear mother was then holding in the West End of London, and had been to her to seek spiritual counsel and advice. That was the first glimpse I had of my dear wife.

In the following autumn I saw her again. It was at a morning Holiness Meeting in our hall near the Whitechapel church. The meeting concluded with the administration of the Lord's Supper, as our custom then was. Florence Soper—for that was her name—had in the interval decided to join the Salvation Army, and she was present that day as one of ourselves. I had not noticed

her until I passed round calling upon each one present to remember our Lord's death. This was really the first occasion on which I spoke to her. I have often recalled the circumstance with a momentary but very real pleasure.

That day I was formally introduced to my future wife by my sister, and we walked some distance together on the way from one meeting to another. Naturally we spoke of The Army and the difficulties for those situated as she was—one of a family then quite hostile to our work. I liked her courage and quick intelligence, but certainly at that time I was not attracted to her in any personal or romantic way.

In the early part of the following year—1881—our work was started in France by my eldest sister. Among the little band of valiant souls who shared in that enterprise was (by this time captain) Florence Soper. She had fought a brave fight in the corps and in her home, and had won a rather reluctant consent from Dr. Soper to her going to Paris. I heard her say a few words in St. James's Hall at the farewell meeting, and by one of those curious "accidents" which can never be entirely explained, I had the opportunity of rather a lengthy conversation. I could not say that I was then in love, but I certainly found myself at the end of our talk in deep *sympathy* with a striking and attractive young woman, one who was now an officer with us, who had suffered considerable loss and hardship for her Lord and His cause, and who seemed completely consecrated to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ, as I understood that service.

A day or two after this the French party left us, and I found myself reflecting on the impression made upon me. I sought to know also the impression made on my mother and on my sister Emma, the Consul, and learned

that it was quite good. Altogether, I began to feel myself drawn to the now absent captain.

Then straightway I fell into a serious controversy. Grave questions presented themselves. I saw little prospect of being able to provide a home suited to receive one of whose home life I had already learned something, and one who, I saw for myself, must have been all her life sheltered and delicately cared for, and, no doubt, accustomed to much that I should hardly approve. I shrank also from the possibility of being hindered in my work for God and the souls of men by allowing another absorbing interest to come into my life. Was it wise —safe? Was it right? I felt myself irrevocably covenanted with God for that work, and I dreaded putting myself into circumstances which might make me less fully devoted to it.

I realized also that the rush and care of that life, as it already seemed likely to develop, could scarcely be favourable to guiding and training one whose experience of spiritual things had been but brief, and that I ought to bear in mind that her soul was as precious as my own. I halted.

Still, I found that I had undoubtedly come under a new influence, and the question arose, " Might not this be God's way for me? " I decided to give myself six months for deliberation and prayer before coming to a decision or taking any step whatever in the matter. I did so. Again and again during that time I concluded that I should be wise to give up all thought of the subject, but again and again I came back to its consideration.

Near the end of the six months I found myself very little clearer in my judgment. Nevertheless, my feelings were stronger. I decided to consult the Founder and to accept his view as probably the right one. I told

him the exact situation. He asked me if the captain knew anything of the matter. I answered, " No, she could not do so." Then he helped me to test my own feelings, and spoke strong, wise words of counsel and warning. We had prayer, and he finished our interview by approving of my desire, and remarking in his direct if whimsical fashion, that the question now was, " Will she have you? " While half preparing me for a refusal, he gave me his blessing in either event!

The time now came to put the matter to the test. I went over one evening to Paris, and next morning found Miss Soper with my sister in their apartment in rue Parmentier. After breakfast I asked for a few minutes' conversation, and then in the simplest way I could devise I plainly stated my feelings, carefully described something of my experiences during the previous six months, and asked her to be my wife. I felt bound to dwell rather fully on the probable hardships and uncertainties of my future, including the simple style of living I should have to adopt. At the same time I referred to the strain of our fight with a world in arms against Jesus Christ, and the little we could expect in the way of human sympathy or gratitude in the battle against sorrow and sin.

The captain remained very silent during what had become quite a recital. She was seated at the table. I had risen, and was walking to and fro as I spoke, stirred both by my theme and by my anxiety to be perfectly frank. At last I stopped in my perambulations and said:

" Would it be possible, now that you know my feelings, to give me some word as to *your* feelings or probable feelings on the question? "

" Do you mean *now*? " she asked.

"Yes," I said, "if possible."

"How long," was the reply, "did you say you have been praying and considering the matter?"

"Six months."

"Well," with a little smile, "perhaps I might ask for six months also?"

I said, "Certainly!" Of course I could say no other! Then I spoke further—particularly of the possibility of our being of service to one another in working for the blessing and helping of the people. We both desired to see God glorified before anything else. She could help me in this. I would strive to help her.

I was standing now on one side of the room when, at this point, she rose and came near to me and said, "Did I understand you to say that you believed I could *help* you—that I could really be of service to you in your work?"

I said that that was my sure feeling. I added something about my sense of the seriousness of a proposal to bring her to share in so burdensome and difficult a task as mine. I spoke also of my unworthiness of such a helper. Only the deepest affection, I said, could make it right for either of us to think of it.

Then there fell a time of silence between us as we stood together, and—I knew that in large part my battle was won.

We had, however, to consider the views of Dr. Soper, and I did not then ask for any formal promises except such as might be given subject to his consent. But we came to a happy conclusion and together committed ourselves to God in prayer, and I humbly felt, as I have felt ever since, how entirely the Lord our God had guided us. I returned to London the same night.

That was on November 22nd, 1881. We were

married by my dear father in the Congress Hall, Clapton, on October 12th, 1882. My work and the special circumstances in which we were both placed made any very intimate acquaintance before our marriage extremely difficult. But we had a few delightful days together by the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Billups, who received us first at Sevenoaks in Kent, and later at their country place at Barry, near Cardiff. Our communion was all the sweeter and deeper because it was snatched on a soldier's leave. Some of the times we spent together in Knole Park, and particularly times of prayer under the great trees, made an ineffaceable impression upon me, and formed the beginning of the closest and sweetest union of heart and mind which surely has ever fallen to mortal lot.

Need I say that though I was now very deeply in love with one very loving and lovable soul, I found no decrease in my love for God or for the suffering and miserable. This new love really strengthened and increased the other. We talked and prayed and planned and loved together in those days when our love was young, but the world and its needs and the great battle for the testimony of Jesus Christ, in which we were both already deeply involved, were first in all our thoughts.

Mine was indeed a soldier's wooing, and hers a soldier's loving, and after forty-six years of burden-bearing together, and of labours, by God's grace more abundant, in many fields, we can say that the wooing and the loving have never ceased.

CHAPTER IX

OUR FIRST COMMISSIONER

NEXT to my father and mother, the leading personal force in The Army in that most important decade from 1872 to 1882 was George Scott Railton, "G.S.R.," who afterwards became our first Commissioner. He came to the Christian Mission, as it then was, in 1872, after reading one of the Founder's booklets. "It looks as if these were the people for me," he had said, and forthwith he threw into the fight his tireless body and his fearless soul. He became private secretary to the Founder, and until 1880, when he went to the States to develop the work there, his hand was felt at the centre in nearly all our affairs. Within a year after going to America he was recalled to Headquarters, so increasingly were his services needed here. Those were critical years, years of changing method and widening scope and intensifying purpose, years also when we encountered bitter opposition, and it can have been no other than a divinely appointed circumstance that this heroic spirit should have come into the movement when he did.

Railton was a born Salvationist. He was both determined and tractable, original and simple, aggressive and tender, able to take blows and insults like a lamb, yet seldom giving up until he had made his capture. Even on his own levels of upbringing and culture, he was a

man apart, and yet none took the discipline of The Army with its rough-and-tumble better than he. Not that he was always wise in his handling of Army affairs. He made mistakes. He opposed the introduction of uniform, for instance, because he thought it likely to create a hindering separateness; though in the end he himself came to have no suits that were not uniform. He also deprecated, at their first introduction, the Officers' Training Centres and the Scheme for Social Work, the latter because he feared it might involve a turning aside from first things. But experience in each case convinced him, and once it had done so, the innovation had no more thorough-going champion. From the early years he saw The Army in clear relief with a life of its own and a distinctive purpose and aim.

Altogether he was a fascinating and unexpected personality, broad here even to danger-point, narrow there beyond what was justifiable, but, with all his curves and angles, no doubt one of God's Greathearts raised up by Him to stand behind William and Catherine Booth in those early years of difficulty and perplexity, and to render such services as their temperaments made them particularly need.

When Railton offered himself to our work, he was twenty-three or twenty-four years of age. He had been studying for the Methodist ministry. He was the son of Methodist missionaries who had laboured for many years in Jamaica, and had been educated at a great Methodist school in Yorkshire, where, at the age of twelve, he was converted to God, and, with a fellow schoolboy, was instrumental in starting a soul-saving movement among the boys. I, who was destined to be his own special associate in an unbroken friendship of forty years, was at this time not yet sixteen, living the

life of an invalid in search of health. Railton, coming in as he did just then, when my father could lean little if at all on his eldest son, was an immense accession. He fitted into much of the existing work like one to the manner born. He loved the fight. He would have loved any real fight for God and righteousness, but especially he loved our warfare because it brought the kingdom of heaven down to the poor. It carried him to the common people, where he felt his place to be. He came into the councils of our Founders at the time of their chief departures from tradition and convention, and to him I attribute some of our most successful innovations. He was already familiar and dissatisfied with much in the attitude of the organized religion of the day, particularly because it so little stirred the life of the masses. Moreover, he could read the signs of the times as regards the Churches, and he saw how slight was the prospect of recovery amongst them—recovery, I mean, of their lost touch among the common people as well as the lost hearing in regard to their message. His enthusiasm, his experience, and his convictions became at once powerful auxiliaries and great encouragements to us. He helped in large measure to set The Army free, and played a great part in emancipating our scheme of things from the "vain traditions of the elders," from ceremonials and formalities the value of which had passed away for ever, and from those so-called sacred things that belong to the same family as the ordinances which Paul declared were nailed to the Cross of Christ.

In certain matters of business, it must be said, he was a splendid muddler! Yet he was the sort of man who could grasp a situation. He had the strategic eye, along with boldness in imagination and a discerning wisdom in dealing both with men and women. His mind was

richly endowed not less by culture than by nature. He spoke French and German fluently, soon was able to converse in Dutch and Spanish, and had some knowledge of the Italian, Russian and Scandinavian languages. He was in touch with many literatures. He read the Greek Testament with freedom, and to turn to the Gospels in Greek or the Psalms in Hebrew was his favourite recourse when "in a bad humour." Yet his, like all really informed and exalted minds, was one of the humblest. Regardless of his own comfort, unresentful of the fact that he had not got his own way, giving no sign that he thought of himself as ever deserving to be considered, he pressed toward the mark. He would urge his views with persistence, and even with temerity, and then, when the Founder had replied, "Very well, but the boat has to go this way," Railton's immediate answer would be, "All right then, all hands to the oars!" Even in the occasional differences which he had with his leaders on matters of more or less importance, and some of them were really important, his absolute confidence in the Divine origin of the work and in the ultimate Divine guidance of its administrators ever brought him through into calmer waters.

From the beginning to the end of his officership, "G.S.R." wielded a powerful pen on behalf of The Army. Some of his books proved of immense value as "defenders of the faith," and opened the way to many advances. He wrote with ease, with perhaps too great ease, for his very facility led him to take less care than he might have done. At his best he was extraordinarily direct and simple—some of his words were like a hammer, while again others crashed and burned like a visitation of fire. He wrote with utmost vigour and yet with wide common sense. He wrote as a soldier of

Jesus Christ, but with the deep tenderness of the Lamb that was slain. Pleasure and sorrow alike found place in his pages, death in life and life in death, and death without a hope of life, ever and anon started out upon his readers; and over all faith and truth reigned. But for his own curious and lamentable sense of the futility of writing he would no doubt have done still more important and lasting work with his pen.

His style was an easy style. The reader is carried along without any serious effort. Every sentence tells towards the main thought ahead. His words, often chosen with great care, no doubt suggested thoughts to him which he added and added to the enrichment of the whole structure, with lasting effect. In some of his articles and papers there is a really beautiful undertone of deep spiritual import. He was not perhaps always as lucid as when at his best; but nevertheless it was difficult to misunderstand him.

Railton was a great pioneer, one of our pathfinders. He planted our flag in country after country, and became one of our most widely travelled men. Only the Founder himself travelled farther than he in The Army's service. In distance his travels probably equalled a score of completed journeys round the globe. After 1885 his absences from England covered a longer period than the time he spent at home. In Mrs. Railton he found not only a kindred spirit but a comrade in arms, who never called him back from the sacrifices of domestic and family joys which these long separations involved. He was surely the lightest traveller that ever globe-trotted! He would go to the ends of the earth with no more luggage than he could carry in his hand.

He became personally familiar with almost every country in Europe from Lapland to Turkey. He opened

our campaign in the United States. He had been in North Africa before he came to us, having tramped alone through Morocco and Tunis, carrying a flag inscribed, "Repentance—Faith—Holiness," a futile enterprise, but one which gives a glimpse of the stuff of which he was made. To South Africa and South America he went several times, and to China and Manchuria more than once. He was one of our early campaigners in Japan, living for months in the simplest Japanese fashion at a cost of about a shilling a day. He was in Russia long before we opened in that country. He was *at home*, as the saying is, amongst the people of all these lands. Perhaps it was a natural grace of character, perhaps a special gift of God, perhaps something of both, that enabled him to adapt himself with acceptance to cultured audiences in the drawing-rooms of the rich and noble, or to the little assemblies of loafers and magdalens gathered from the purlieus of Hamburg or Moscow. Anyway, there was not in Railton a particle of that standoffishness which introduces a sense of superiority. He was just a brother to every man he met, whether that man happened to be an Oxford professor, a Kaffir, an American millionaire, a coolie or a London "dosser." He cared for them all, and yet he was apart from them all. As he himself wrote in one of his songs:

"No home on earth have I,
No nation owns my soul,
My dwelling place is the Most High,
I'm under His control."

As a travelling companion he was delightful, except perhaps for one thing—he would insist, not merely on travelling third-class, but fourth, if there was a fourth-class available, and on going steerage on an ocean voyage!

It took him among the people, and he was never happier than then, however crowded and inconvenient the accommodation. The strain of travelling, even of such travelling, he seemed hardly to feel. While he could not go long without food, no food of any kind came amiss to him, and he could sleep anywhere and on anything. He would, in the early days, lie down on the floor of the railway carriage, having given others the seats and the rug, and would soon be sleeping as soundly as if he were in a feather-bed! Or we would spend the night in a railway station waiting-room, he sleeping like a top on the hard table, when I had the cushions, if there were any, and could not sleep at all, and the porters would peep in to see whether we were saying our prayers!

To get the true measure of Railton, however, one had to see him, not merely under circumstances of discomfort, but under those of danger. Alike in the council chamber or on the field he was as cheerful in the struggle as he was confident in God. In the mob, when the stones and brickbats began to fly, he was like a rock. We stood together in many battles, chiefly in the East End of London, but our methods when the rowdyism was at its height were dissimilar. I used to go on in dumb show amid the howling, reserving my strength for the occasional pauses in the hubbub. He, on the other hand, would go on speaking without shuffling or shrinking, however much he might be hustled or buffeted. He had a kind of joy, a positive exuberance, in the turbulence; it meant that the enemy was getting exasperated, and was coming out into the open. At a lull in the storm he would lead off with the song: "Jesus, the Name high over all," and when he came to the line, "And devils fear and fly," he would cry

out, "Yes, and you will all have to fly directly!" No doubt his method antagonized some of his hearers, but all the same it deeply interested others, and he made many marvellous captures.

As a public speaker he was not what would be called accomplished. Often his sentences left much to be desired; at times his arguments also, and he frequently created the unfortunate impression that he was not giving his best. But the sincere and radiant personality which shone through his messages made them often extremely effective. He was never anxious to talk if anyone else would do so, but he was always so delightfully ready, and had such an assurance of accomplishing something by what he said, that he was both the delight and the despair of many of his comrades.

In the negotiations with the Anglican Church leaders, to which allusion is made elsewhere,[1] Railton was particularly strong on the preservation of what might be called the "autocracy" in Army rule, and much that he said was not only wise and eloquent, but powerful, if only by reason of his own experience of what we were at that time beginning to do in other parts of the world. To him it had been given, perhaps more than to any of us, to foresee The Army as an international and interracial movement. Again and again in the days of storm, when, notwithstanding the wonders we already saw, the winds of adversity threatened to destroy the sapling we had so laboriously planted and watered, he has said to me, "You will live to see that what is producing these results here in Whitechapel and Poplar will produce like results in all the nations of the earth." He was a man on Pisgah, though, unlike Moses, he entered the Promised Land—entered many promised lands,

[1] "Echoes and Memories," Chapter XII.

in fact—before he went on a sudden call to a better, from the railway station at Cologne in 1913. Altogether a choice spirit, whose like we who knew him shall never see again.

In recalling his characteristics, his simple and rock-like faith in God stands out most prominently. His childlike confidence in all the concerns of his personal life and experience was, of course, the first and simplest manifestation of this; but it was also to be found in his complete abandonment to the work for souls. In the preface to his Life[1] I wrote a short personal appreciation, and with a quotation from that preface, this chapter, necessarily sketchy and sadly inadequate, must close:

> " . . . He never wavered in his real conviction that the knowledge of God is the great need of man, and that the Atonement of Jesus Christ is the only way of reconciliation and peace for the human spirit. It was not only that he saw, in his Army work, glorious evidences of the unnumbered blessings they bring, but it was as though, as the years passed and he more and more came to understand mankind, its temptations, its capacities, its environment, he realized the wonderful *fitness* of the great thing we call Salvation to the foundation requirements of the human soul, whether weak or strong, whether high or low."

It was this apprehension, this deep-rooted consciousness of having found the remedy for the two great woes of humanity, sorrow and sin, which made the wonderful gladness and inspired the heavenly music in his life.

[1] " The Life of Commissioner Railton," by Eileen Douglas and Mildred Duff.

CHAPTER X

THE CONSUL

A VERY potent influence in the first years of my life was my sister Emma. Emma Moss Booth was born at Gateshead in 1860, became Mrs. Booth-Tucker in 1888, and was known to the world of Salvationists as "The Consul." She was my close companion in boyhood and early manhood, and took the first place with me among my brothers and sisters. She was a gifted girl. I am not sure that she was not the most gifted member of our family. She came nearer than any of us to my father after my mother's death. He was accustomed to call her his "left hand." Her love for him was very deep and moving, and her influence upon the work of his life was considerable.

The Consul's ability manifested itself in various directions. She had an orderly mind. She also possessed a rare intuition whereby she reached often at one bound conclusions which others would arrive at only by stages. This gift was manifest not only in the world of affairs, but in the world of the spirit. She came upon the spiritual problems of many who sought her advice in the same quick, illuminated way. She was not a widely read woman. In her later life she had little opportunity, indeed, for reading, and seldom sat down for a quiet hour with a book in her hands. Yet she had a unique capacity for quickly absorbing informa-

tion. She took whatever was presented to her mind, in so far as she approved of it, turned it about, and often gave it out again better than it was at first. In the mirror of her mind the image took on a new lustre. She *adorned* the doctrine. By some precious mental alchemy she gave back something that was better, brighter, more clear, often deeper than the thing she had received.

Allied with these special mental gifts, she had great will-power. In her early life she was for a year or two very delicate, so that it was thought she would never be able to undertake serious responsibility. But as she grew in the knowledge of God and human life her own resolute purpose seemed to conquer, nay, did conquer, these limitations. Writing to me shortly before her death she said:

> "Do we realize the great value of our own determination? *Nothing*, without God, of course, but *with Him*, what a mighty force for good and blessing a sanctified will is! I want to manifest it more and more. You will help me, I know."

In the practical work of The Army two things were distinctive about her. In the first place, she had a remarkable capacity for bringing the best out of people. A kind of fire burned in her through the gentleness and kindness of manner and outward deportment. It burned, I say, and the heat would break into flame and glow with a wonderful charm, in the presence of qualities in others which could be kindled with the same flame. Men and women alike came from her presence conscious of a new awakening within themselves, of a discovery of new forces in life or character which they could employ for God and righteousness.

Somehow she put people on their mettle, and called forth qualities which hitherto no one dreamed they possessed.

This was shown conspicuously during her headship of our Women Officers' Training Work in London, which was the principal position she held before her marriage. She took this position at the age of twenty, and for eight years she was popularly known amongst our people generally as "The Training Home Mother." Her work among the young women who were training for officership had many touches which were quite original to herself, and the spirit and efficiency of our women to-day owes not a little to her direction and genius. She was in truth an inspirer, of movements as well as of souls. She helped to make The Army.

Her own struggles, or should I not rather say her searchings after the light, were very real conflicts. Her delicate health and the restrictions which it imposed upon her, made many of the problems around her even more difficult than they would have appeared if she had been stronger. More than once in hours of quiet communion I have listened to her impassioned putting of the old perplexing questions, "Why is evil so strong?" "Why do we so often fail with those we long to help?" "Why is there so much misery and pain?" "Why does all our toil and strife bring so little harvest in return?" and then one could see how her own experience and assurance helped her if not to answer, certainly to face these old and oft-presented problems. I often told her that the mere fact that such questions could and did disturb her was in itself an intimation that God was near to her, stirring the deep places in her being, and calling her into the closest sympathy with Himself.

The other quality which she showed to a conspicuous degree was a faculty for conveying sympathy. People felt that she did really put herself in their place, see things with their eyes, feel things as they felt them. She made those about her understand when they came to her in difficulty and sorrow—and she was one of those to whom people naturally gravitate under such circumstances—that her interest was not assumed for the sake of appearance, nor that it passed away after the tale was told. She could fill in the pauses, catch the silent invocation of the eyes, apprehend what remained unsaid. This was true not only in the case of the common people with whom she had chiefly to do, but also of the better class and the educated. She was a good listener. The capacity to listen, with the sympathy and sensitiveness which it denotes, is perhaps even more winning than the power of speech, which was hers also. Wherever she went, East or West, among the passive, contemplative peoples of India, or later amid the throb and energy of the United States, she attracted all types of mind and character. In this she was, I humbly believe, directly related to Him, Who said, "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." She had drunk of His spirit.

I can, of course, attempt here scarcely a summary of the events which occupied her little more than forty years. She was a great help to me in my own early struggles. To her, perhaps as much as to anyone before my marriage, I owed spiritual encouragement and enlargement. Long before she could herself venture to do anything in public, she was of service to me in preparing addresses and appeals. And long after we were both of us more or less well known, at any rate to our own public, she helped me much by criticizing my

work and by bringing new grist, especially in the way of illustration, to my mill.

When she was thirteen I persuaded her to help in conducting some children's private services in the north-east of London. But it was not until three years later that she overcame her natural timidity sufficiently to begin public speaking. In a letter she wrote to me at that time, she said:

> "I *want* to work for God and souls, but I am afraid I shall not be able to do it in the way that —— does, but in some other way. That will do, will it not?"

In 1888 she was married to Commissioner Booth-Tucker, and went out to India, returning the following year to the bedside of her dying mother. After the death of Mrs. Booth, Emma gathered together a party of officers and sailed again for the East, but soon after her arrival in India she was herself stricken down by grave illness, her life almost slipping from us. In consequence, she returned with her husband to England. For a few years she was at the International Headquarters, working with much acceptance in the departments charged with the oversight of our work outside the United Kingdom. In 1896 she and the Commissioner were appointed to take charge of our work in the United States. Here her activity and zeal made her one of the most familiar and attractive figures in America.

To the principles of The Army she was splendidly devoted. She understood them. It was no shamefaced, apologetic confidence she had in them. She loved them, thought over them, ordered her life and the life of those she could influence in harmony with them. Her devotion to those principles often involved suffering.

She had her share of the obloquy and hatred which came upon us all at the time she was beginning her work in the Training Home. But she did not flinch. I never heard her utter a complaining word. When she went to the States she and her husband had to face a peculiarly trying and painful position in the misunderstanding of many people. The Consul went straight on through the darkness of slander and prejudice until at length she made The Army better understood and, incidentally, herself widely respected and beloved. Before her death she was received everywhere with confidence and appreciation. But this good repute, as well as the former ill, found her and left her the same—a simple soldier. In the drawing-room of the White House, as well as in the bar of the Bowery saloon, she was a Salvationist first and last. The spirit of her father and her mother met in her. Her courage mounted with occasion.

As a speaker she was strikingly interesting. Her fine figure, her glowing features, her clear enunciation and well-controlled voice, her every gesture and movement, all combined to command attention to her message. There was a pleasant variety about her talking with a ruling gentleness which made it delightful. But her chief power as a speaker came of her own deep and unhesitating convictions. Again and again she reminded me of John's words, " that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you," and whether it was in the crowded public hall, or the lecture-room, or the village assembly, her hearers felt that whether they could receive her testimony or not, it was to her a " living, bright reality." Her mission demanded not only that she should awaken and vivify moral or religious truths which her hearers already believed in a languid or uncertain way—though she could and did do that—but

her work was to force upon those who were "infidel," "heathen," "blind," "dead," the facts of sin and retribution, of salvation and redemption so that they might turn and live. This was, I say, her work, and she did it. Describing one of her early meetings in New York a well-known writer in the *New York World* said:

> "I have heard many women speak in meetings, and of late years upon platforms and at assemblies, but the address which she made at Carnegie Hall will remain as one of the most remarkable examples of eloquence that I ever heard from man or woman. The entire self-control which was manifested in dealing with most delicate and personal and difficult subjects, the fine choice and free command of the English tongue, the sweet, clear voice that penetrated like an organ note to the farthest parts of the hall, the deep tone of consecration and the lofty ideal of service which pervaded the whole utterance, were unusual and impressive. The audience listened as if spell-bound. There was little applause, but at times the interest was so intense that it seemed as if sobs and tears could be the only response to the pathetic earnestness of the speaker."

Her last parting with me I vividly remember. It was in 1903. She was about to return to the States after a brief visit home. I accompanied her to Liverpool, where she embarked on the *Campania*. After prayer in her cabin, while the warning-bell was ringing for those who were not passengers to leave the boat, I said to her, holding her hand, "We shall meet again!"

"Yes," she replied, "here or"—looking upward—"*there!*" And then, as by a common impulse, we

both said, " Yes, and whoever goes first the other will hold up the Flag! " Those were her last words to me.

It was a few months afterwards, one autumn night, that a train rushing across Kansas came to disaster. From the debris was taken the almost lifeless body of Emma Booth-Tucker. For two hours she lingered. The only sign of consciousness was that once in that waiting interval a hand was raised. Perhaps it was a gesture to her comrades the world over to hold up the Flag. Thus was the inspiring sister, the dutiful daughter, the tender wife and mother, the fearless leader, the eager winner of souls, promoted to Glory.

In a tribute to her life and influence written at the time of her death I find I said:

> " Let us praise God for the Consul's clear spiritual discernment and experience. She was religious. She had a religion of her own. It was not a second-hand affair—something she obtained from other people, or The Army, or the Bible—it was her own. It came by direct revelation of God to her own heart. She was a seer—that is, she saw God, understood Him and His will, knew Him for herself, and had personal intercourse with him. Nearly all who had any dealings with her felt that this was so. It made her powerful. It made her brave. It made her patient. It made her careless about herself and her own position and prospects. Having God, she had all things.
>
> " *Emma walked with God, and now God has taken her!* "

CHAPTER XI

AN EARLY BENEFACTOR

THE name of Samuel Morley is now little remembered, except in the Founder's own city of Nottingham, where there is a statue of him, and in the little village of Leigh, in Kent, where he spent his last years. But a few recollections of one who united the business genius of a man of this world with the piety and benevolence of a man of the other will not be out of place, because they bear upon a matter which has been the subject of great—and not always kind—curiosity and also of misrepresentation—namely, how the Founder obtained his personal support in the early days of our movement.

When William Booth entered upon his work in the East End of London he had no personal income. His separation from his Church had involved separation from his friends, most of whom, indeed, thought his abandonment of a secure position to be little short of madness, and showed small disposition to help him. In the first year or so of the new undertaking which was to lead to the Salvation Army, he spoke to one or two good men whose acquaintance he had recently made; but, beyond a few casual gifts, they threw no light on the problem. With great single-mindedness he was resolved not to receive anything for himself from the funds which he hoped to raise for his organization, and

this resolve he kept. Not a penny did he receive from Army Funds.[1]

At this juncture there appeared on the scene the man whose association with Nottingham had first brought the Founder to his notice. Samuel Morley was the head of the textile firm of J. & R. Morley, of London and Nottingham, a Congregationalist, and a man of wide sympathies. He heard of the work down at Whitechapel, sent for the Founder, and inquired very kindly about the new enterprise, spoke of the discouragements

[1] Many good and liberally minded men felt called upon to discourage the Founder, thinking even in those early days that he was attempting too much. Some of them, like the writer of the following letter, then the head of the banking firm we now know as Barclay's, refused help on this very ground. *What would they say to-day?*

"54 Lombard Street, E.C.
"*July 24th*, 1873.

"Dear Mr. Booth,—I have been very carefully considering your letter, and have spoken to some Christian friends about it. I think you have taken upon your shoulders a much heavier burden of work and care than ever the Lord meant you to bear, and I think your work might be much more sound and permanent if you confined your labours to a much narrower area. I am sure you will understand that I do not in the least question the full earnestness and sincerity of your intentions, but I think you must yourself by this time recognize that a smaller and quieter work would have saved you and your dear wife a world of anxiety, and might have been in the end quite as effectual in the conversion of souls. As I don't want to encourage you in keeping up the extensive machinery you have set afloat, I must decline to help the work, but as I wish at the same time to show you the sympathy which I feel for you individually, I enclose a cheque for £10, which will, I trust, help to lighten your burdens.

"Believe me,
"Yours truly,
"F. A. Bevan.

"P.S.—My friend and partner, Mr. Joseph Tritton, wishes me to send you a cheque for your personal requirements."

likely to arise in such work, and discussed some of the measures already being tried. In concluding the conversation, practical business man that he was, he asked about ways and means, and said at once that a certain sum ought to be raised for the support of the Founder and his family, promising there and then to give a generous proportion of the total. In this way an important step was taken towards freeing the Founder from anxiety. Among other contributors—usually of small amounts—to this fund I find such varied names as John and Richard Cory, of Cardiff, Martin Hope Sutton, of Reading, W. Shepherd Allen, M.P. for Cheadle, Dr. J. B. Paton, of Alloa, John Melrose, of Edinburgh, and Lord Radstock. Samuel Morley continued his help in this direction for some years, until, in fact, it was no longer needed. A friend who had been a hearty supporter of the Mission from its earliest days, settled upon the Founder and Mrs. Booth the sum of £5,000, placing it in the hands of trustees, who remained always among the intimate friends of our work. The income derived under this settlement, together with the profits on the sale of his books, sufficed for the Founder's needs, though, of course, it never placed him in anything like the affluent circumstances which he was supposed in some quarters to enjoy.

Samuel Morley also gave liberally to the various funds which we raised. Up to that time he was probably the one really wealthy man in England who used his riches on any settled plan for the furtherance of religious work. While his principal gifts were made to help forward the cause of Independency, or Congregationalism as it is better known, to which he was deeply attached, he gave largely to other causes also, and indeed his name became associated with many aspects of benevolence.

My own first personal touch with him was in connexion with a meeting we wished him to attend. I followed him one afternoon from his City offices in Wood Street, Cheapside, to the House of Commons. He was a Member of the House for some years, at first for Nottingham, and later for Bristol, and he was an influential Member, in the personal rather than the political sense. He had a very real influence for good on Mr. Gladstone, whose devoted follower he always was. At the House on this occasion we had some friendly chat, during which he asked about the extensions of the work then going on, inquiring particularly after some of the converts of whom he had heard. After a while he took me with him into the Inner Lobby—this was before the days of the Parnellites—and I well remember how he sprung a surprise on me there. The Lobby was, indeed it is, rather a gloomy place, and going into one of the recesses which seemed more gloomy still, Mr. Morley produced his purse, and, with an austerity of manner which he often could assume, he took out a small white ticket, rather larger than a railway ticket, on which was printed, under The Army heading, in bold letters:

ADMIT ONE TO ALL NIGHT WITH JESUS
MERTHYR TYDVIL
(date)

"What," he asked me in his most serious tone, "can you possibly mean by such a proceeding? Do you not see that such expressions are, if not blasphemous, dangerously near it? How can I support a movement which makes such improper, such absurd announcements?"

And then, with great emphasis: "All night with Jesus! Shocking!" And he paused.

I took up the challenge at once, and I completely disarmed him. First of all, I said that I had been present as the leader of that very meeting, and that if he would spare me the time I would tell him just what happened during the "all night." I told him of the kind of people who came after their day's work—chiefly miners and their wives—of the addresses that were delivered, of the wonderful singing, of the earnest, persevering prayer and seeking after God, of some of the confessions that were made, of reconciliations which took place, of scenes at the penitent form, of the surrender of such small but significant things as pipes and tobacco pouches and women's finery, of the offering of lives then and there for service with The Army. I pointed out also that for prayer in the night we had the example of our Lord Himself and His Apostles, and that the fact of these hard-working men and women forgoing their rest in order to seek after God was no small evidence of the reality of the work which Jesus Christ had accomplished in them.

Mr. Morley listened most attentively, and when I had finished that peculiar stiffness had gone out of his neck —he could hold his head very high when he pleased— and there was a great tenderness in his expression. He did not speak for a few moments, but in the silence he carefully replaced the little ticket in his purse, and taking my hand, he said, "I am very glad I saw you. Give my kind regards to your father. Tell him I shall come to the meeting."

Another way in which Mr. Morley came to our help was in connexion with Exeter Hall. When we first applied for the use of the Hall, of which the London

Y.M.C.A. had lately come into possession, it was refused. Various reasons were given; fear of damage from riot, fear of injury to the Y.M.C.A.'s reputation from any connexion with the Salvation Army, doubts as to the "teaching" we should advance, and so forth. The secretary, Mr. Hind Smith, was personally very smooth and polite, "but it would not be wise, you know." We fell back on the trustees, of whom Morley was one. He and T. A. Denny had been large contributors to the fund which purchased the property. I met him at the Hall with Mr. Hind Smith. He heard what we had to say, and although he showed the testiness and querulousness which was sometimes a habit with him, he concluded that the Hall might be let to us. His attitude that day settled for good and all the question of future lettings, and it was at Exeter Hall that some of the greatest Army demonstrations took place. The opening to us of the doors of Exeter Hall—which was not only an auditorium but a symbol—opened the doors of many public buildings throughout the country which had hitherto been closed to us. Railton's comment on all such happenings was, "Each victory will help us some other to win," and in this matter it certainly was so. But Morley's manner seemed to say, "I have grave doubts about Booth; I do not like his doings nor his people, but we had better not refuse him lest haply we be found to go against God." I was, of course, careful in my speech, and took his austere manner with due meekness, content because I was winning my plea!

One result of the "Maiden Tribute" agitation, and the Government prosecution which followed it,[1] was a large extension of our work for unhappy women, and for such work money was needed. My mother went

[1] "Echoes and Memories," Chapters XIV and XV.

to see Mr. Morley only a few months before he died, and laid our plans before him. He had not cared for some of the methods adopted in our investigation, and he said so privately and in public, but, like all decent Englishmen, he was angry that the law had for so long been weak, and the police so helpless, and thankful that by any means they were now strengthened. He was very warm with Mrs. Booth, and at once promised her £1,000. She thanked him, but said that she was sure he would not regret making his gift larger, and that if he could do so it would influence others. He smiled, and promptly doubled the sum. It was, as it turned out, his last considerable gift to us, and a very fruitful gift it proved in every way.

The last time I saw him was in his town house at Brook Street. He was very kind that morning—for his sympathies broadened and his manner softened in old age—and he discussed with me in an intimate and serious way the results, then becoming evident, of the Education Act of 1870, in the passing of which he had been greatly concerned. I remember well his expression of disappointment that the good effects of the compromise on religious education which went by the name of the Cowper-Temple Scheme had not been greater. I was more hopeful than he was; perhaps more hopeful then than I am to-day.

Our friend, the late Dr. Harry Greenwood, a London barrister, who wrote a telling pamphlet criticizing the critics of the Founder's social scheme—a pamphlet which did no end of good—told me a humorous story connected with the death of Samuel Morley. I think it is a true story, though I must admit that Greenwood, who was a Churchman, disliked certain types of religious irregulars. The story was that at a certain gathering

of Plymouth Brethren on the day of Morley's death, the leader of the meeting said in his opening prayer, "Lord, Thou wilt have seen in the evening papers that Thy dear servant, Samuel Morley, has been taken from us. We pray Thee comfort his family in their affliction." It is no small tribute to Samuel Morley to say that no one would have enjoyed that story better than himself.

CHAPTER XII

FOES WHO BECAME FRIENDS

THE converting work of the Salvation Army has been shown not only in the turning of sinners into something like saints, but in the turning of foes into friends. The Army, for more than one reason, has often had occasion to rejoice because of the people who ranged themselves against it, and often, too, it has seen them undergo a startling metamorphosis.

Take the police authorities. The relations between The Army and the police in almost all countries are now of the best. Nowhere is the change more notable, to those who remember the early Army days, than in London. There was a time when the roughs and rowdies of various localities united to harass and molest us. They attacked the processions with sticks and stones. They threw down men and women in the roadway. They hustled the girls and young people abominably. Fireworks were frequently employed to set light to women's clothing, and on the darker nights sprinklers were in evidence for distributing tar and burning sulphur. In some instances serious injuries were inflicted. I have, on a number of occasions, seen our brave fellows entering the halls with broken heads and blood running down their faces.

The police of that day remained passive in the sight of all this. They alone among the onlookers did not

see what was complained of. They pooh-poohed the representations of individual sufferers. In some places they successfully opposed the granting of summonses against the offenders; in other cases false names and addresses were given to the police, and thus the culprits could not be "served" with legal process.

The head of the Metropolitan Police at that time was Mr.—afterwards Sir Edmund Yeamans—Henderson, a courteous and excellent gentleman, but a martinet of an extreme type. He received our remonstrances politely, but promptly and firmly denied the existence of what was alleged, and handed our complaints for investigation to the superintendent of the division at Leman Street, Whitechapel. That gentleman took the same line as his chief, and protested, "grossly exaggerated," "nothing of consequence," "no complaints from constables on beats," "besides, why don't you stop in your buildings and let the streets alone?" Superintendent Arnold was a sturdy Norfolk dumpling sort of man, and we soon found that we had little to hope from him unless by some influence greater than we could bring to bear upon him he adjusted his views. He put the climax on his attitude by saying to me, after hearing our report of the enlisting and molestings of a certain detachment of the Skeleton Army, that he was not at all surprised!

We turned at length elsewhere. The Founder wrote strongly to the Home Secretary, and my mother to Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister. They both replied promising attention. But, frankly, our expectations as to the result were not high.

Meanwhile two circumstances occurred which in a most unexpected manner, largely if not completely, changed the situation. The first was really a curious

happening. Among the tradespeople occupying shops in the Whitechapel Road—the principal scene of the disorders—were a number who sympathized with us in a non-committal sort of way, and deplored the conduct of the rabble and the inaction of the authorities. A group of the more energetic among them conceived the idea of turning the animus of the roughs away from the new missioners to the police themselves. The affair was well managed, and we never knew how it was done, but one week-end, when our usual gatherings assembled in the roadways, it was observed that some of the ring-leaders of the mobs were engaged in altercations with individual policemen. Things soon became lively. The constables threatened, the roughs pushed and howled, other policemen came up, and before long quite a serious mêlée was in progress from the London Hospital to Whitechapel Church. The police put up as good a front as possible in the circumstances, but many of them were a good deal knocked about, one or two lost their helmets, and for some weeks afterwards a captured truncheon was hawked about the public-houses of the locality amid loud cheering and much drinking to the health of its captors!

The effect of this outbreak on the police authorities—including Superintendent Arnold—was electrical. The very next night out came extra constables, a strict protecting oversight of our meetings and processions was set up, and for the first time in our chequered history a policeman—actually a real London " bobbie " in full uniform—was told off to march with us. All serious rowdyism soon ceased in that part of London, and, indeed, except for one or two places such as Deptford and Hammersmith, where we had quite a long succession of " Bloody Sundays," as they were called, there was relatively little

more trouble of that particular kind in the metropolitan area.

But another and more far-reaching influence was at work. A personal friend of my dear mother, who was also a friend of John Morley (afterwards Lord Morley of Blackburn), then editor of the very influential *Pall Mall Gazette*, asked him to have an inquiry made into our difficulties, and to do something for the protection of our poor people. Mr. Morley was the last man living to feel any sympathy with the sort of wild fanaticism which we were widely believed to approve, and I remember well how amused I felt on hearing that an appeal to him was suggested. I knew nothing of him personally. He had just been making ridicule of the Prince of Wales—afterwards Edward VII—in his paper, and an even more famous instance of his defiance of the usual conventions was his custom of printing the name of God without a capital. It was rather a silly irreverence, even though perhaps not altogether unjustified to his own philosophic mind. A trace of the same kind of contempt is seen in his reference to us in his "Gladstone"—"the officers and soldiers of the salvation army." But at least he did not share the superciliousness of *The Times* of that period, for he refrained from putting "General" in inverted commas!

Judge, then, of our astonishment to receive, shortly after the attack on the police, a visit from Mr. Superintendent Arnold, with the information that recent happenings were likely to form the subject of inquiry in the House of Commons, and that this was to be done at the instance of "a Mr. Morley." Superintendent Arnold, whose attitude was now much changed, expressed the hope that now that our people were being looked after all would be well. We reassured him,

and from that time he became as friendly as a man of his type could become to such a movement as ours.

Later on, still in Morley's time (up to 1883), the *Pall Mall Gazette* brought some of its big guns to bear upon the atrocious blackguardism permitted in certain of the provincial towns, and did us yeoman service. Morley was then assisted, of course, by W. T. Stead. The two, in many ways very different from each other, made a remarkable combination, Stead all fire and Morley all light—cold light—and yet they got on well together.

John Morley, as some of us still like to call him—he was sometimes called " Honest John," but that suggests a bluffness and heartiness which were foreign to his subtle mind and careful temper—was an intellectual of the intellectuals, a master critic, with a pontifical influence among the elite of the " Tribes," and with an insight into practical life not usual in a literary man of his distinction. As a critic I cannot think that he achieved what in Walter Pater's famous definition is laid down as the critic's attitude—" to feel the virtue of the poet, of the painter, to disengage it, to set it forth—these are the three stages of the critic's duty." Moreover, Morley always gave me the impression of a dissatisfied soul. Perhaps I ought to say a hungry soul. It was Stead who, differing but devoted, made me aware of something of his personal life, and later through Lord Armitstead, a close friend who mourned Morley's alienation from the life of the Spirit, I learned more. I learned also something about his home life and the perfectly delightful union found there in his later years, notwithstanding much sorrow that befell him. In his " Gladstone," particularly in the description of the statesman's dying, we get some faint flashes from fires that burned in his soul.

Perhaps still more revealing is an extract from his "Voltaire," in alluding to the absence of permanent quality about all that Voltaire wrote upon religion (*the italics are mine*):

> "Men who sympathize with him (Voltaire) in his aims, and even for their sake forgive him his method, who have long ago struck the tents under which they once found shelter in the lands of belief, to whom Catholicism has become as extinct a thing as Mahometanism, even *they will turn with better chance of edification to the great masters and teachers of the old faith, than to the fiery precursor of the new.* And why, if not for the reason that *he dealt mainly with the lower religious ideas*, or with the higher ideas in their lowest forms, they put these into the second place, and move with an inspiring exultation amid the loftiest and most general conceptions that fine imagination and a soaring reason could discover among the spiritual treasures of their religion. *They turned to the diviner mind* and exercised themselves with the weightiest and most universal circumstances of the destiny of mankind. . . .
>
> "The awful law of death, the impenetrable secret of the first cause, the fierce play of passion and universal distribution of pain, the momentariness of guilt and eternity of remorse, the anguish of bereavement that chokes and rends, the hopeless inner desolation which is the unbroken lot of myriads of the forlorn of the earth—these ghostly things ever laying siege to the soul were known to a Bossuet or a Pascal, and resolved by a series of ideas about the unknowable power and the govern-

ment of the world, which are no longer the mighty weapons of exorcism they once were, but they are, at any rate, of due magnitude and proportion, sublime, solemn, never unworthy. *We touch the hands of those who have walked with the most high, and they tell us many moving wonders*; we look on faces that have shone in rays from the heaven of noble thoughts; we hear solemn and melodious words from men who received answers from oracles that to us are very mute, but the memory of whose power is still upon us. *Hence the work of these glowing mortals lives even for those to whom their faith is dead, while the words that Voltaire wrote on religion are lifeless as the Infamous which they so meritoriously slew.*"

I feel that Morley lost his way when seeking to challenge or expose some of the absurd superstitions of the eighteenth century. What he called the " grovelling hypocrisies " of that period were, no doubt, pretty bad, but I think perhaps he mistook them for the real things of which they were but counterfeits, and he transferred his natural and righteous dislike of the one to the other. He remains for me an unsatisfied man, a man feeling ever after something he could not find, listening for something he could not hear. His " Recollections " greatly disappointed me. The evident extent of his perceptions and powers, the *size* of the man as revealed there, and then the small things on which so much is made to turn! The allusion to his little dog when closing the book of his life's memories—" My little humble friend squat on her haunches, looking wistfully up, eager to resume her endless hunt after she knows not what, just like the chartered metaphysician. So to

my home in the falling daylight "—is pathetic in the extreme—pathetic and even heart-breaking.

One feels like giving a new application to the old words:

"... wandered to the utmost boundary of creation,
And then beheld a socket where should have been an eye."

Morley's interest in us was at first chiefly the interest of one who regards with approval all that belongs to liberty in the abstract; then, as definite points of contact were established and certain good results of our doings came to his notice, he considered them with absolute honesty. He was impressed. He rejoiced in anything which stirred the sluggish, monotonous lives of the melancholy millions. And beyond this, it was, I believe, a real satisfaction to him to see something born into the world which promised to wake up some of the sleek and self-contented Churches and remind them of their own Master's command to care for those who had forgotten how to care for themselves. Unbeliever though he was, and in spite of the drawbacks and deficiencies which that unbelief so obviously involved, John Morley was a fine illustration, to use his own words, " of what a noble thing a human life may become."

I remember how Stead, who took a lively interest in the change of feeling towards The Army which was witnessed in those days, and would rejoice, often in print, over what he called " brands plucked from the burning," one day cried out, as I entered the *Pall Mall* offices, in consequence of some movement in the right direction, " Well, Hallelujah! here's Morley—another brand."

Mrs. Asquith (Lady Oxford), in the second volume of her " Autobiography," referring to a visit which she paid

to Lord Morley's home at Wimbledon, tells us how she found words by Bacon inscribed on the mantelpiece in Morley's library: "*The nobler a soul the more objects of compassion it hath.*" Truly this is an excellent measuring rod for nobility. Yet Morley did not see the highest nobility of all, that of the Divine One "whose compassions fail not."

CHAPTER XIII

HALLELUJAHS FROM CAGES

MANY suffered durance vile in the old days. One of the first and most noteworthy imprisonments was in Lincolnshire in 1880, when Captain Josiah Taylor (now Colonel) was locked up by the Boston magistrates. Boston already had some history which its worshipful bench did not appear to recall. The Boston people still show with pride the cells under their ancient Guildhall where Brewster and other Pilgrim Fathers were imprisoned when about to escape for Holland, and the pride of the Boston people is not on account of the action of the authorities on that occasion, but on account of the character of their captives.

Taylor, who was in charge of the work at Boston, was prosecuted for making an obstruction in the market-place. There was then—and still is—in the market-place at Boston, an Angel, though not from heaven. The landlord of the Angel had a sick mother-in-law upon whom the occasional appearances of The Army under the "Five Lamps" produced a distressing effect. It appeared that—such are the vagaries of the invalid—the singing and dancing which admittedly went on at the inn itself had not at all the same effect upon the good lady. Our captain was prosecuted, and the bench of magistrates, in those days often solicitous for the mothers-

in-law of publicans, ordered him to "cease fire." He did not obey, and was summoned for obstruction. On the first occasion the magistrates came reluctantly to the conclusion that there had been no breaking of the law, and he was dismissed with a caution. The obstinate captain, however, while careful to avoid obstruction as much as possible, and to respect the wishes of mothers-in-law of publicans, did not hesitate to continue to make himself a nuisance to all the publicans in Boston. Within a week he was before the bench again, upon which sat the mayor and six magistrates. The charge was that he did unlawfully, by preaching and shouting, cause a number of persons to collect together on a certain public highway there situate—to wit, the market-place—so as to obstruct the public business on such public way, contrary to the by-laws made on its behalf. Several witnesses gave evidence that there was no obstruction at all, but ample room for both pedestrians and traffic in one of the largest market-places in the country. A fine of £1, with 14s. 6d. costs, was imposed, with the alternative of one month's imprisonment with hard labour. Offers to pay the fine were very properly refused, and Captain Taylor went to prison.

This early Army imprisonment touched the imagination of the locality. Several of the Churches joined in condemning the action of the magistrates. Salvation Army enthusiasm, instead of being confined to the market-place, flowed over into the whole town. The gaol to which the prisoner went was at Spalding, sixteen miles distant, the scene of William Booth's early ministry. In gaol he had to sleep on boards with a wooden pillow; as he could not eat the "skilly" he had to subsist on dark (nearly black) bread, and his employment was to pick oakum. But he was cheered

by hearing the singing of our people in the streets, and after a few days' confinement, someone unknown to him having paid the fine, he was released. There was much joyful demonstration on his return to Boston, and the door of the prison, here as elsewhere, proved to be the way to larger liberty.

There were a number of other imprisonments in those early days. Warwick gaol, Exeter gaol, Strangeways gaol, Manchester, and others, had Salvationists in their temporary custody. At Exeter "Fiddler Tom," of Torquay, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment—he was defended at the Assizes by Mr. Duke (later Lord Justice Merivale)—and the demonstration when he came out resounded through the West of England. Then there was the prosecution of Cook, at Altrincham, notable for the fact that our friend, Frank Crossley, who was a magistrate, left the bench and took his place in the dock by the side of the prisoner.

Abroad, too, there was imprisonment. Colonel Jacob Junker, in Germany, had to face a tribunal on more than one occasion. The story of one such experience of Junker's makes interesting history.

Some cadets, who, discouraged with the hard prospect of an officer's life, which they discovered in the Training Garrison, had left, and, returning to their town, spread abroad reports that the Salvation Army treated its officers with undue severity. The report so enraged the relatives that they took the matter to the Schiedsrichter—a local civil judge—before whom affairs of minor importance might be laid before appealing to the court of law. The matter looked very ugly for the Salvation Army, until Colonel Junker gave evidence. He called the judge's attention to the fact that the Salvation Army was a real fighting force engaged against formidable powers, and

that it was inevitable that those who enlisted in its ranks should suffer. Then he recited his experience as an officer of the national army. For weeks he had marched through the rain, mud and snow. He was able to secure but little food, and was often faint from exhaustion, but never once had he thought of turning back or giving in. "I was conscript, but deeper than compulsion lay my love and loyalty to my king and my Fatherland. My boots pressed into my flesh until at last they had to be cut away, and by reason of the agony of the march it seemed that I sweat blood. But did I complain? Did I rail against my king? No, I did not, not even in my heart. And, sir, shall I not suffer some little hardship and privation and pain in warfare against the powers of darkness? Shall I not press on to the end, to save some souls for whom my Redeemer died? . . ."

The court was silent. The judge wiped a tear from his cheek: the defendants, ashamed, withdrew the charge, and, as a result of the incident, throughout Rhineland the purpose of the Salvation Army was understood as never before.

Another prisoner on the Continent was my splendid brother-in-law, the late Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, who was imprisoned at Stockholm, but released by special act of the King.

But of all the Continental imprisonments the most impressive were those which took place in Switzerland, in the land of William Tell, the oldest of modern republics. Salvation Army work in Switzerland began in 1882, running over, so to speak, from France. From the beginning it aroused widespread interest, and divided the country into two parties. The opposition party was led by the Comtesse Gasparin, a celebrated and clever woman, who published a violent attack on The Army and

all its works. Her words—the words of " a Christian, if ever there was one," said the prosecutor—were read against us at the trial of our people. The governing authorities in Geneva were first made aware of us by the uproar which took place in the Salle de la Reformation, the hall—since rebuilt, I believe—in which the Assembly of the League of Nations now meets. Here my sister Catherine, afterwards Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, and her colleagues were holding great meetings, and making an impression on Geneva such as had not been experienced since the days of Calvin. The *Journal de Geneve*, then and now the leading paper of Geneva, and almost the leading one of Switzerland, described the work as " preaching against the prince of this world a holy war of liberation and conquest." But the campaign unleashed some ugly forces in the city. The meetings were invaded by riotous and insolent men, and the scenes were so tumultuous that the lives of the " Salutistes " were not infrequently in peril. Ultimately, on the most flimsy of pretexts, my sister and a friend who was with her were expelled from Geneva.

These expulsions and persecutions, as generally happened, made the flame of Salvationism burn brighter. The number of adherents continued to increase. Scenes, such as those connected with the persecution of the Huguenots in France and the Covenanters in Scotland, were repeated in a new setting. The people gathered in the pine woods or on the mountain-side, or in whatever kitchen or parlour or blacksmith's forge might offer. The meetings took place as early as five in the morning to secure quietness and to frustrate the constant hunting of these harmless worshippers by the police and the rowdies. Switzerland at this time was in manifest danger of losing her reputation for freedom. The

oppressive spirit manifested was widely deplored in other lands. The events of this time brought to the front—as a great friend of The Army—Mrs. Josephine Butler, then residing in this part of Switzerland. She wrote a very full and sympathetic record of all the circumstances attending this first prosecution.

Banished from the canton of Geneva, my sister went to Neuchatel, and for a time the work there proceeded without hindrance. But very soon evil influences swept down to Neuchatel from Geneva like a storm on the Jura. The authorities of Neuchatel, for disobedience to an oppressive decree which had been issued against the Salvationists in violation of the Swiss constitution, arrested Miss Booth and her companions. Bail was accepted for a few days to enable my sister to attend the funeral of a Geneva convert, and then she surrendered herself, and was confined for twelve days in the Neuchatel prison pending her trial. The trial was as dramatic as any in Swiss history, but the jury found that the accused had no culpable intention, and therefore they were acquitted, although they had to bear the punishment meted out to them by a mob on leaving the court.

A more picturesque imprisonment—picturesque on account of the place of incarceration—followed in Switzerland somewhat later. This was in the castle of Chillon, where, in the sixteenth century, François de Bonnivard, the Genevese patriot, had been confined for six years. Bonnivard was not perhaps the hero *sans peur et sans reproche* of Byron's imagination, but few prisoners, thanks to the poet's pen, have made such an appeal to the heart.

When Captain Stirling, a young English society lady, gently nurtured, heard the call to leave all and follow

Jesus Christ, she could hardly have supposed that it would bring her to

> " . . . the seven pillars of Gothic mould
> In Chillon's castle deep and old."

In the town of Orbe, near the lake of Geneva, she had, in the course of our work, held children's services. The cantonal authorities manifested opposition, and a rusty old law was brought into effect to get a verdict against her for the " crime " of talking about Jesus Christ to some little Swiss children on Saturday afternoons. The trial was a farce, biased and lying words were uttered, and the children who had attended the meeting were frightened or cajoled, in some cases by their parents, but more generally by the persecuting authority, into giving evidence to the effect that Captain Stirling had instructed them without their parents' consent. The whole proceedings of the court were entirely disreputable, and an episode in Swiss administration of justice such as Switzerland may well be very happy to forget.

Captain Stirling was sentenced to one hundred days in Chillon Castle. On a beautiful morning, with the mountains around bearing on their heights a " thousand years of snow," and on their lower slopes the rich autumn foliage, a little procession made its way from the railway station to the famous old castle whose feet are in the quiet waters of the lake—

> " Lake Leman lies by Chillon's walls,
> A thousand feet in depth below."

At the head of the procession was this gentle young English girl with a *gendarme*, followed by a band of Salvationists singing a Salvation song of conquest. The

prisoner every now and then would turn round with a joyous "Hallelujah!". At the castle gates the military salute was given, and many a "God bless you!" said, and then the Salvationist uniform disappeared up the circular staircase. Captain Stirling was confined in a small, solitary room where she could see the waters of the lake sweep round the grey towers outside her windows. Visitors were occasionally permitted to see her, and once, when my sister Catherine and one of her staff were refused admission, they took a boat and rowed it under the iron-grated window, and with an improvised trumpet shouted their "Hallelujah!" greeting until the gaoler thought better of it and let them in. Her letters from the dark castle breathe a heavenly spirit, and they evoked one of the most touching letters from my mother, then on her death-bed, "from one prisoner to another."

Through another notable imprisonment in Army annals the first big impulse was given to the work in India. The gateway through which The Army passed into the fullness of its influence there was the door of a prison in Bombay. The pioneer party reached Bombay in 1882, and before many months were passed four of its officers—with Commissioner Tucker (afterwards Booth-Tucker), who had given up the Indian Civil Service to enter the service of The Army, at their head—and eighteen of its members, were arrested.

The Army in India had little popular opposition to encounter, none of the mobbing which accompanied its early progress in Western countries, and had it not been met by inflexible police restrictions would, no doubt, have lacked the impetus the subsequent publicity brought us. But the authorities in deciding to hinder, greatly helped. To begin with, they forbade the use of music on the march, although in a city like Bombay, where

the bazaar noises are often deafening, and the beating of drums and clanging of cymbals are things to which the populace are accustomed, music is almost necessary if any impression is to be created at all. The order was challenged at the very outset, and the man who lifted up his cornet was arrested, brought before the magistrates and fined twenty rupees. Further restrictions were placed on open-air meetings, singing as well as music was prohibited, and the flag was taken away lest its message, "Blood and Fire," should be misunderstood! Yet there was no sign of popular disturbance, only an excessive timidity on the part of the authorities. The quiet eyes of India were interested in The Army, perhaps amused, certainly not unfriendly. Finally, after some other police proceedings, the attitude of the authorities in Bombay hardened into a determination to inflict severe penalties, and the wholesale arrest already referred to took place in February, 1883.

The announcement in the Indian *War Cry* of the forthcoming proceedings in the magistrates' court indicates in what a cheerful spirit the Salvationists met their difficulties:

LOOK OUT!

GRAND HALLELUJAH
FREE AND EASY
On Friday, 23rd February, 1883, at 11.30 a.m.
BY SPECIAL INVITATION
of the
COMMISSIONER OF POLICE
at the
GIRGAUM POLICE COURT

Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee[1]
will preside.
Addresses will be given by
THE PUBLIC PROSECUTOR,
The Deputy Commissioner
of Police,
and several other Police Officers
On the work of the Salvation Army.
The Famous
BLOOD AND FIRE BANNER
will be presented to the Audience.
A Large Body of Police will be present
and will suppress with a Strong Hand any
ATTEMPT AT RIOT.
Everything will be done decently
and in Order.
Admission Free! Come and See!

NO COLLECTION

The trial and judgment actually occupied five days! The charges were withdrawn against all but five of the accused; Commissioner Tucker, who was regarded as the head and front of the offenders, was sentenced to imprisonment for one month, three of the others to a fine of twenty rupees each or a week's imprisonment (needless to say, the option of the fine was not taken), and the other, who was a Salvationist private in the British Army, was handed over to his regimental authorities, who did no more than keep him under guard for a few days.

The prisoners were taken to Bombay gaol, a large, forbidding-looking building in the centre of the native

[1] The magistrate.

town. Never had the gaolers seen such prisoners before —prisoners who served their sentences with joy. One of them described the few days he spent there as the happiest in his life. Commissioner Tucker appealed to the High Court against his sentence, and the appeal was heard when half the sentence had been served. He noticed that when the two judges came into court to hear his appeal, they had the written judgment already in their hands—rather like that Lord Justice of Bunyan's Vanity Fair: "Thou deservest to live no longer, but to be slain immediately upon the place; yet that all men may see our gentleness towards thee, let us hear what thou, vile runagate, hast to say." The judges of the Indian court were, of course, far more polite than this. They said that they were prepared to release Tucker if he would promise not to do it again. "My lord," was the astounding reply, "if I had a rope around my neck and were going to be hanged next minute, I would not make such a promise." The appeal was rejected, and on his birthday Commissioner Tucker went back to prison to serve the rest of his sentence. His stay in gaol was a time of great spiritual refreshment. When, in due time, the prison door opened, he was met by a great crowd making very pronounced joyful acclamations. They went forthwith to a piece of land close to the gaol, and there held a thanksgiving service, afterwards marching to Headquarters with singing. There was no interference by the police, and no sign of hostility by the populace. Straight paths had been made for the feet of Salvationist pioneers in India. There was one other prosecution, but an arrangement was come to whereby The Army agreed, so long as certain dangers existed, not to pass down the strictly Mohammedan quarter in procession or with singing, though it was conceded that

such demonstrations might take place without hindrance in non-Mohammedan streets.

Thus the right of The Army in India, and of the entire Christian community, to have processions and hold open-air meetings, with singing and music, passed beyond the range of challenge. Through the portal of Bombay prison The Army came to be known at once to millions of the different Indian peoples, and known as the apostles of a religion which proclaimed freedom and joy for the low caste as well as for the high, for caste and outcast alike. From that day we have gone onward to the great work now being done in five thousand Indian villages, to innumerable phases of social work adapted to Indian conditions, and to the organizing of converts and soldiers to seize the vast opportunities daily opening to us.

CHAPTER XIV

GAINS BY LOSSES

IT is a commonplace of human affairs that many of the successes of life come by its failures, that joy comes out of sorrows, gain by loss, and life by death. And yet it is one of those lessons which many people find very difficult to learn, not only for themselves but as regards the work of God. We of The Army have not been exempt from the problems which can be grouped under the general description, " whosoever shall seek to save his life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." But we have again and again proved, especially in the early and formative days of the work, that there are sacrifices which are abundantly worth while, which are, in fact, profitable, which pay well in the fruits which follow them; and though, in themselves and in the circumstances which surround them they may be intensely painful, they prove the gateways to increased success and happiness.

This is evident in the whole history of The Army, and it is particularly to be noted in the loss to us of men who from time to time have been separated from us to our great grief and loss, and yet to our manifest advantage. If I refer to some such experiences of the past, it may be useful to some of those upon whom rest the responsibilities of safeguarding our work in the present. It may

be that conditions exactly similar to those I shall recall will not occur again, but "offences must needs come," and when we come to grapple with them the principles concerned do not change.

In the early days of The Army's expansion in the United Kingdom, one of the most anxious problems which concerned the Founder and those whom he called into immediate association with him, was the unwillingness of a certain proportion of the first leaders to be moved from one place to another—from one appointment to another. There was, of course, a clear statement on this matter in the "papers" which all received on their acceptance into the work, and many of them gave us no trouble. But others, alas, carried away by their success, or influenced by those who gathered round them in the different towns—some of whom were "good Christian people" belonging to the Churches—forgot their promises and professed to believe that it was the will of God that they should break away from the Founder and remain in their stations after he wished them to go and work elsewhere. In some cases the people, with whom they had gained popularity, openly took sides with them, formed committees, raised money, even built them halls, and in other ways influenced them to refuse to carry out their instructions, inviting them to set up splits and rival societies in violation of every precept of loyalty and faithfulness, and to the great injury of the work of God.

In almost every case of this kind—and they were not a few—the situation was complicated by some special or local difficulty, such as illness, or strikes, or threats of disorder, or the loss of influential friends. But the main difficulty was in the unwillingness of the leader—or officer, as we were then beginning to call him or her—to

remove to another appointment when required by the Founder to do so.

Here was a serious question of principle. The Founder did not propose to form another religious sect with its settled communities of good people sitting under a favourite preacher and keeping him among them so long as his popularity was maintained. Such an idea would have been totally abhorrent to him. Nor did he propose that a society consisting of the converts of this or that successful man or woman, should be able to limit the sphere of usefulness which that man or woman could occupy, and narrow it down to their town or group of towns. His great purpose was to form a fighting force in every locality whose effectiveness for God and salvation should depend, not on a favourite leader, but upon the spirit and courage and love of the individuals composing that force. This was far from the notion of a sect. Further, he did not mean to have the leaders whom he had called out and sent forth tied down to one area, no matter how beloved or how successful in that area they might have been. He looked around him on fields truly white unto harvest in every part of the country. He knew that those specially gifted as soul-winners would have an open door in many parts, and he was, from the very beginning, dead against the selfish idea that a man's converts could keep him ever with them, or that because a man was liked and was popular his sphere should be limited to the people who liked him.

Thus arose a situation of great danger to the young and struggling enterprise—a situation which it was quickly seen was likely to arise also in other countries as the work extended. What, then, was the right course to follow? Should the Founder yield to the wishes of these, often good though mistaken men and women, who wanted to

stay where it appeared they would be happy and comfortable, or should he, at the risk of losing many of them, including some of the most popular, and at the risk also of losing with them large numbers of converts, insist upon their removal according to his wishes? It was a time of great perplexity—indeed, of no little anguish for us all. The work had so wonderfully prospered. The prospects were glorious. Now, all at once, we saw promising societies shattered one after another, and thousands of converts, if not entirely cast to the winds, certainly lost to us.

But the Founder persisted. He did his utmost, of course, to avoid the disasters. He cried without ceasing to God for help. He believed that God guided him and that it was His will to guide the officers through him.[1] He pleaded individually with some of the wreckers. He went himself, and he sent us, hither and thither in the land, seeking by every possible means, and in the face of much obloquy and calumny, made extremely painful because it came from those who only a short while before professed the utmost devotion to us, to explain, to inspire, to plead, to encourage. In many cases, thank God, we succeeded, but in many we failed. But that failure, with all the heart-aches and back-slidings and other disasters

[1] In the earliest issues of *O. & R. Field Officers* he writes as follows: "The frequency of the changes and the uncertainty of the movements of every F.O. are important reasons why he should leave his appointments unreservedly in the hands of his superior officers, trusting that God will guide them in sending him where he can most effectually advance the interests of the Kingdom of God. His committal of himself to the leadership of those who are over him in the Lord, together with a full reliance upon God for direction, will save him from much disturbing care, and make it quite a joy for him to go anywhere or do anything most calculated to save the largest number of souls."

which accompanied it, and involving as it did, the immediate loss, and later, the complete ruin of many splendid people, proved in fact the way to an immense triumph. After two or three years the whole movement saw and felt the horror of these unfaithfulnesses and the divisions which came out of them, and realized the aim of the determined mind in control. The difficulty passed away. For a time some of the splits survived, but they presently died out and disappeared. The Founder in after years often mourned the high price we had to pay for establishing the principle involved in the change of appointments of officers according to the wish of their superiors, but he never thought it too high (nor did any of us around him), and though at one time the struggle looked like ruining his whole enterprise, he never wavered in his determination.

More than once in the raising up and life of The Army the question of the Founder's position and the nature of the supreme government of The Army, both present and future, has given rise to discussion and anxiety within our borders. This was not to be wondered at. The general trend of popular thought and feeling in the world outside us during the first thirty years of our history was more and more towards a loose, go-as-you-please attitude, and, so far as the religious world was concerned, the almost total lack of effective authority in all the Protestant sects was one of the features of the time. When, therefore, a new religious movement appeared, and a movement characterized by the most definite teaching and the most aggressive life, organized with what appeared to be an autocratic government, and definitely announced as being, and intended to be, under the supreme control of one man, it was not to be surprised at that many became at once hostile, or that that hostility

should communicate itself to some of those within our ranks.

During the first few years, years which may be described shortly as the Mission years, the matter hardly arose. But in 1878 there was a very distinct division of feeling amongst us. The majority of the officers and leading local officers of that day had been much disappointed at the slow progress we had made for a year or two, and felt that the Founder had gone too far in delegating his powers to the annual elected conferences and committees, and so forth. They said so. Others, a much smaller group, took the other view, and in a gentle and moderate fashion agitated in favour of the Founder's still further modifying his own position. The result of this was—it is an old story—that he called all his workers together, told us of the feelings which had been expressed, and announced that he would resume into his own hands the entire control of the work. From that time the conference and committee business came to an end. A few of the officers, led by a good but rather self-centred man named Abraham Lamb, wrote a kind of protest and immediately resigned.

The work swung forward with wonderful power and success. The Founder always felt that in the loss which was sustained at that time he paid a very small price for the great freedom which followed, and it became more than ever apparent, not only to himself but to the whole of the workers, that the movement was, in the essential features of its government as well as in other matters, a *new* movement, and that we were not under any obligation to follow the customs and systems of the past.

There was no more trouble on this question for some years. The Army spread itself in a remarkable way into many countries. Effective control by the General and by

those who were immediately associated with him was everywhere recognized as being one of the leading factors in our success. Criticism outside there was, of course, in abundance. The Founder was freely described as a Pope, as trying to make himself an Emperor, as setting up to be the head of a new royal family and as being opposed to all that was best in the spirit of the times; and some ex-officers—men who had left us to our advantage—paraded their grievances as the victims of a cruel system, and so on. But The Army itself took little notice, and the Founder made great fun of his supposed popery.

Twelve or fourteen years later the question again came to the front. One or two prominent officers had indulged in unauthorized statements about their powers, and certain of those working under them had objected. It was alleged that the Founder had shown favouritism to certain officers, both in the United Kingdom and in other countries, and men who had been passed over in the matter of promotion in favour of others, younger than themselves, gave trouble. The Founder was also accused at this time of having given unfair prominence to his own family, and the appointments of one or two of his younger children were resented by a few of those who had been disturbed. All this came to a head under the guidance of two men, both holding important positions, one at Headquarters and one in the Field. They had become imbued with certain Socialistic ideas, and they agitated for a change in The Army system. The Founder met them, and as the matter had become more or less widely known he gave an address on the subject at one of his councils. Briefly he pointed out that the constitution of The Army was settled; that it could not be altered without an Act of Parliament, even if then. Further, that he approved it and had no intention of

altering it, and that if the suggestion made by one of the dissatisfied men, namely that he should have a council of three or four leading officers associated with him in his work should be adopted, the principle would have to be applied right through, that every Territorial Commander would have to have the same method of control, as well as every Provincial and Divisional Officer, and this would simply be a return to government by committee which had already been found unsuitable and abandoned.

His pronouncement was accepted throughout the then Army, to the immense gain of the movement. Several officers resigned in the old country, stating plainly that they were disappointed with the methods of our government. In particular the two men referred to promptly took their departure. They both came back a year or two later acknowledging their mistake, but at the time their loss was felt very keenly.

Something related to the same kind of trouble has occurred in one or two other countries, but it has quickly passed away. The influence of the Founder's action in the matters mentioned remained for many years, indeed still remains, and I venture to think that never was the international idea of the one Army, the one Flag, and the one General, so widely and intelligently and even affectionately regarded as it is to-day.

The praise of men! How subtle and how poisonous its influence! As The Army came into public notice, and as the result of its work in changing men and women —many of them notorious evil-livers—from bad to good, came to be recognized, some of the individual officers began to receive notice and praise from those around them. Others were greatly applauded and flattered by the people themselves to whom they had brought the

message of Christ. Others again were lifted up by the altogether unexpected applause of the crowds; and many came, as a consequence, into dangerous trials of their consecration and faith.

The Founder and The Army Mother realized this danger. They felt an especial care in the matter, because they were responsible for selecting and sending out the officers who were most exposed to that danger. Many of those officers were young and quite unaccustomed to anything but opposition and the disfavour of men. Now they were suddenly praised and petted. They had received but little training. Some of the most beautiful souls, men and women known to us personally as walking in white and leaning wholly on God, were sorely tried, and some, alas, were overthrown by this evil. Satan sifted them because they began to care for, and then to expect, and then to seek after the praises of men.

The difficulty was all the harder to deal with because we were all anxious that The Army should be approved and believed in and helped. The line between the recognition of The Army and its work, and the applause of the officers doing that work, was necessarily often very thin. Some popular leaders saw their danger in time and were saved from it. Some, alas, were not saved. They came to depend on the people—the praise of the people—and lost, first the power of the Holy Spirit in their own experience, and then His power to deal with sin in others and to command men to repent.

I call to mind in this connexion two men who gave promise of a wide usefulness. With very considerable platform power, each of them let the people see a happy and striking personality, and they were, in the best sense of the word, soul-winners. Crowds of people came to hear them. Their names were becoming widely known

amongst us. And then the trouble and sorrow began. First, there came the wretched touchiness and self-sympathy which so often mark the beginning of spiritual decline. The former simplicity of expression and humility in reference to their own work and success gave place to a craving for notice and applause, and presently to complaints that the Founder and others did not appreciate or trust them, and did not speak of them to others as generously as they deserved. Secondly, they began to seek outside The Army what they saw we did not approve of their receiving inside it—public men, religious, or political, or both, were invited to their meetings—acquaintanceship led to offers to " say a few words," and the " few words " usually took the form of personal praise and flattery. From this it was an easy descent to complaints about their comrades, or about certain things in The Army teaching or its government.

The Founder was very sad. He saw the evil breaking out here and there. He foresaw a great appreciation of The Army's work, and that the danger would thus be greatly increased, and he knew that once this thing was really established amongst us, it would bring a dreadful chill, if not the touch of death itself, to many of those spiritual influences which were of supreme importance.

He spoke very plainly. He warned officers, both individually and in council, of the evil of taking glory and honour to themselves. He begged them to keep Jesus Christ to the front, and to lead men to believe in Him and honour Him. He commanded us with every demonstration of love and zeal, to denounce sin, to disregard and *put away* the friendship of the world, to care nothing for our own reputation, to be among those whose praise is *not of men* but of God. The bulk of the officers of that day responded to his words, and in a new sense

began to assess at their true value the worldly flatteries and friendships that were offered to them. To some, however, amongst us—among them the two men I have referred to—the Founder plainly said they must come down from their high notions and begin again as simple Salvationists and soldiers of the despised Saviour, or go elsewhere—and they went. It was a sad hour for him, and, if I may say so, for me; " but," as the Apostle says, " they were not of us, for if they had been of us, they would no doubt have continued with us: but they went out, that they might be made manifest."

The Army as a whole realized what had happened. The deliberate facing of the loss of such valued and popular men opened the eyes of many. Officers who may have wavered, wavered no longer. A great cry went up from us all, and with Paul we said once more, " I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." And so again one of our greater losses proved one of our greatest gains.

CHAPTER XV

GIFTS LARGE AND SMALL

"THE unexpected always happens," says the proverb. Not always, otherwise it would not be the unexpected. But in The Army, at all events, often where the ground looked driest we have found that at a mere jab with the pick the water gushed out. Unexpected ways and means have continually opened to us, and we have learned by experience to find that God is, as Faber's hymn says, on the field when He is most invisible.

Take the beginnings of our work outside the United Kingdom. In the late 'eighties the dominant question before the High Command of The Army was the pushing forward of the work into other countries. A beginning had been made, and so far as we could judge from the fruits already gathered or in sight, it appeared probable that The Army would find a hearing for its message and an opening for its work in many, if not in all, lands.

The result of the first years in India, in spite of serious difficulties—including a series of rather silly prosecutions by the Government and a certain amount of definite opposition from some of the established missions—had abundantly justified all the effort made. The work in the North of Europe was also encouraging as a beginning, and though in France and Switzerland we had achieved

little more than an open door, there was, in spite of bitter and sustained opposition, particularly in Switzerland, a promise of " abundance of rain."

Each of these developments had, of course, involved more or less serious financial responsibility. Even where, as was the exception, a country like Sweden provided for the necessities of the work by the offerings of the people, some claim was still made upon our slender resources for providing and training the pioneer officers. In India, of course, the responsibility was much greater. In the very first year or two there a good deal of money had to be found, and it soon became evident that further considerable sums would be necessary—if the work were to be continued.

Invitations and suggestions with regard to other countries were also coming in. The success of our methods in India made a profound impression upon us all, calling for, even demanding, serious thought about the claims of the heathen world generally. No doubt one of the difficulties in the way, which at the time seemed more serious than afterwards proved to be the case, was the provision of men and women; but as time went on, and the reports from India became more and more gratifying, we found both men and women in the ranks of The Army coming forward to offer their lives for service in non-Christian countries.

The financial aspect of the problem was not so easily met. When men and women freely offered themselves for the service of these countries, there had still to be considered the cost of their training and equipment, and of their maintenance in the early years of their work. The continued increase of the work at home also during these years involved ever larger demands for money. Every new station opened, every new officer trained or

commissioned, and every new building erected or hired required some help from Headquarters, and we were often at our wits' end to meet the needs of the day. The money burden weighed heavily on the Founder. Indeed, at one time it looked like weighing him down!

Unexpected ways and means opened to us, however. One source of income which proved important was the profit arising from the sale of our newspapers. Other unexpected gains were the gifts and offerings at my mother's meetings; these often amounted to considerable sums. How well I remember our humble gratitude to God when the collection at a certain drawing-room meeting in a house near Hyde Park Corner, attended by not more than twenty or thirty persons, brought in £1,200, and that at a moment of urgent need. Some notable givers were greatly stirred by the attacks on us in the newspapers. One fine old man, a retired London manufacturer, always sent a cheque upon the appearance of anything disagreeable about us in a certain Daily. Sometimes the cheque was for £100, at other times, when the attack had been specially damaging, up to £500. On these occasions he would simply pin the cutting from the newspaper to his cheque and enclose his card! One was almost tempted to wish that the editor had been even more aggressive.

These special and irregular supplies, however, were not enough to meet the new demands which were being made from outside the United Kingdom. We needed both a sign in this matter and a supply. There was, of course, no actual compulsion upon us to take up the work, at any rate in the East, and the Founder laid it down most definitely that he would not incur debt; even loans without interest we regarded as unsatisfactory, and at one time declined considerable sums. The whole

subject became a care and a burden. There were endless conferences and discussions in the inner circle, and a great deal of earnest prayer for guidance.

The sign and the supply were both forthcoming in a remarkable way. C. T. Studd, the famous cricketer, who had gone out to China a year or two before, and was working with the China Inland Mission, there read something about our work in India, and was constrained to send £5,000 from his own wealth to help on that work. Here was indeed a sign the significance of which was at that time far more impressive than it would have been in later years. Up to that date this was one of the two or three largest single gifts we had received, and it produced a deep, as well as an encouraging, effect upon the Founder, and indeed upon us all.

Shortly after this we made the acquaintance of the late Frank Crossley, of Crossley Brothers, the great engineering firm of Manchester. He attended some meetings, first in Torquay, where he happened to be on a visit, and afterwards in London, and was much blessed and uplifted in his own spiritual experience. He was a most charming man, and the impact of The Army upon his life had many notable results. At the time of which I now speak he had come to feel very deep sympathy with us in our burdens. Especially was he attracted by the Founder's simplicity and wide compassion, and by Mrs. Booth's directness of teaching and testimony. He soon became one of our most generous helpers.

Crossley's contributions to the various funds had already reached a notable figure when a special circumstance occurred. At the conclusion of two days of remarkable meetings in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, during which the Founder and Mrs. Booth and several

officers had spoken with great freedom of full salvation, he came with us from the platform into the speakers' room and, drawing the Founder aside, said to him, "General, I want to help you. I shall give you as a thank-offering £20,000!" It was done with such simplicity and so humbly that we scarcely realized its significance at the moment. As might be expected, very warm letters passed both to him and Mrs. Crossley from Mrs. Booth as well as the Founder. Here was a "sign" indeed, and at any rate something in the direction of supply! The Founder was greatly encouraged, and his spirits rose. The money was soon in our hands, and allocated forthwith to the various funds.

A year later another series of meetings similar in character was held in the same place. Frank Crossley, who had become more and more friendly in the interval, was again present and again blessed. I remember well our feelings about that visit. During the year the Founder had opened to him some of our schemes, and while there were some occasions for criticism—and, by the way, quite reasonable criticism—we did not feel able to arrange everything as Mr. Crossley thought advisable. When, therefore, the meetings in the Free Trade Hall came round again, we had no thought of any further large gifts—indeed it would have been absurd to expect that any such sum was likely to be repeated so soon—and both the Founder and I were most anxious that Crossley should not think we were looking for anything of that kind. On the second day of the campaign we three lunched together in one of the rooms at the Hall, and the conversation turned on the new developments of the past year. Mr. Crossley was greatly stirred by the recital. Once or twice he said, "Can you not do

this? " or " Why do you not go there? " though in the main he was a listener to the Founder's plans. At last he turned to me and said, quite in his ordinary tone of voice, and with the charming smile which often irradiated his countenance, " Mr. Bramwell, are you not going to ask me about money? " I looked at the Founder—we had agreed we would certainly not ask about money—and the Founder said in his own frank and simple way, " Well, no, we settled not to ask you for money, but if you wish it we will! " How we all laughed! Then Crossley, taking the old General's hand, said some charming words of encouragement, and added, " I shall give you another twenty! "

We all felt greatly lifted up. We seemed to see God manifestly leading us on, and giving us signs which we could not mistake. As to Crossley, I have often wished in later years that he could have known of the glorious work which has grown up on the foundation his munificence helped us to lay.

But in the sight of God, to whom much that is so great to us is very small, and much that is trifling to us is of everlasting significance, it may well be that these large—and, alas, very occasional—gifts are really not more fruitful than the small and unnoticed benefactions of those who can only give at all at the cost of pinching sacrifice. In another volume I have given some touching instances of the " little " gifts that have come The Army's way. Here I call to mind one incident which I have always treasured as a choice example of one of the precious things of Army life.

Examining one day at Headquarters the returns of subscriptions received during a given period, I noticed a frequently recurring item of one shilling and fourpence under the same name. On making inquiry I

learned that for some time this amount had been regularly received month by month from a woman of whom nothing more was known than that she was a widow and a soldier of one of our country corps. I was taken by the fact that with the money came only the sender's address and the words "For the poor." I directed that an officer should go and see her with a view to discovering something of her circumstances, and with authority to raise the question of her ability to send this monthly gift. Accordingly a woman lieutenant went over from a neighbouring city to the little village where she lived, and found the good soul in a sweet, two-roomed cottage with a tiny garden growing potatoes and flowers. She quickly learned her history, which, as nearly as may be, was told in the following words:

"Yes, my dear, I live alone since my husband died. He worked at the factory in —— for many years, and when he got past it they kindly made us an allowance of two-and-six a week, and we had the old age pension for one of us. We came down here and paid eighteen pence a week for this cottage, and we grew a few vegetables, as you see. Then he died, and I just manage to keep going on from week to week.

"About the trifle of money I send to Headquarters, yes, it is quite right—that is from me. And it is like this, lieutenant, I always said if I had been on the earth when the Lord Jesus was here, I should have loved Him to have come to see us in our little home, and I should always have wanted to give Him some food, no matter how pinched I might have been. Of course, that will never be, but He said that if we give anything to

the poor and suffering for His sake it was just the same as giving it to Him. And so I always reckon to save the money for one loaf each week—I call it my 'Jesus Loaf'—and I send the money each month to Headquarters. You see, both I and my husband were saved in The Army, and I know about its work."

Here the lieutenant gathered up her courage, somewhat dispersed by the circumstances now related, and introduced the question she had come to ask. "Are you really able to spare this money? Our people at Headquarters are not very happy about it. They would not like you to give more than you ought, and they have sent me to inquire. I really do not see how you can get *enough* for yourself if you send this money away."

In all the dignity of old age, and with the sweetness of a great heart, the old lady laid her hands on the young officer's shoulders, and said, "Ah, lieutenant, that is where the blessing comes in—to leave off a little hungry for His sake."

Gifts made in such a spirit, in such divine humility, so near to the Cross, must bear fruit unto God out of all proportion to the money values by which we identify and record them. We must leave it to Almighty Love to determine which is the greater and which the less. But perhaps comparisons have no meaning in the Kingdom of Heaven.

CHAPTER XVI

THE FOURTH ESTATE

IT is difficult to write of the newspaper Press without bearing in mind its attitude to The Army in days gone by. Indeed, the change which has taken place of recent years affords one of the most striking instances of the progress made by The Army and its teaching, as well as by its work, upon the mind of the world.

For a long time Fleet Street, and the counterpart of Fleet Street in some other countries, maintained a very hostile front towards us. Any story which could be raked up was paraded in the biggest type if it seemed to be to our discredit, while anything which told in the opposite direction went unnoticed. One year, for example, a very charming telegram of congratulation from Queen Victoria was sent to our gathering at the Crystal Palace. It was the first the Queen had sent us containing anything more than a formal acknowledgment; it also addressed the General as General Booth, without inverted commas. *The Times* did not publish it, but merely mentioned it in summarizing the news of the day!

I found it a very hard matter to get newspapers to insert corrections of misstatements they had made about The Army. This may have been the natural disinclination to admit an error, common to a rather narrow type of mind, but it caused us a great amount of trouble. One conspicuous opponent was the now defunct *Echo*—

the first of the " ha'pennies "—during its ownership by Mr. Passmore Edwards. For some reason Passmore Edwards had in those days a great objection to The Army. He did not like its activities down at Salisbury, the city for which he at one time sat in Parliament, and he carried his hostile attitude into the pages of his London newspaper, repeating calumnies which no doubt were damaging. Our complaint was not so much that misstatements were made—that, indeed, could scarcely be avoided in view of the novelty of much that was connected with us—as that our refutations were never published. Passmore Edwards himself greatly modified his criticisms before he died, but other newspapers took up the same stories, such as the fiction, for instance, that we did not publish accounts. When our contradictions of this falsehood, which hindered us very much at one time, were not forthcoming, the ordinary reader naturally supposed that the newspapers had correctly stated the facts. The truth was, of course, the very opposite. Our corrections were not allowed to appear. The *Manchester Guardian* was a great sinner in this respect, so much so that we were strongly urged to take action against the proprietors. I think we should have done so, but that the *Guardian* stood so boldly for many causes which we had at heart.

It may be said that we could have invoked the law to secure the publication of corrections, and in many instances this was no doubt true. But The Army has some well-considered principles with regard to action in a Court of Justice. If we are dragged into the Courts we deem it right to use all proper legal means in our defence, but usually we do not go to law of our own motion. The very rare exceptions to this course have been cases in which the interests of others were involved.

On one occasion *The Times* wrote a leading article making very severe strictures upon us—upon me in particular, whom it roundly accused of falsehood. For weeks it would not admit my letter correcting and explaining the matter. At length I wrote privately to Mr. Buckle, and asked him what he would say to me if I published in the *War Cry* (which had, of course, a much greater circulation than *The Times*) a similar charge against him—paraphrasing the article—and refused to admit his remonstrance. After that they published my letter.

The first London Daily to recognize that the Salvation Army had something in it of importance was the *Daily News*. This happened at the end of the 'seventies, and was partly due to the influence of Stevenson Blackwood (afterwards Sir Stevenson Blackwood), who was then First Clerk of the Treasury; he had served with distinction as a captain of the Guards in the Crimea, where his handsome appearance gave him the name of "Beauty Blackwood." He was afterwards honorary secretary, and a leading authority, of the Mildmay Mission and Conferences. At first, he, too, was prejudiced against us, but my father persuaded him, with great difficulty, no doubt, to go down for a week-end with him to Coventry Fair, and see our operations at first hand. There was a march on the Saturday night, in which Blackwood took part, and there he recognized an old sergeant who had been with him in the Crimea and was known as one of the biggest blackguards in the regiment. This man was now a veritable Army trophy, sober, gentle, and doing his utmost to bless his fellows. The extraordinary change in him, and the testimonies of other converts, greatly impressed Blackwood, and on his calling attention in a weekly religious paper to the work

The Army was doing, the *Daily News* sent a man to investigate. He wrote some useful articles. This was during the long era of Sir John Robinson's management in Bouverie Street. It was the first notable break in the " ring " against us, though the *Saturday Review*, to the astonishment of its readers, after having repeatedly reviled us, had already published a very striking article which was more or less friendly.

From this time forward we began to get frequent notices, though in many cases they were misinformed or mischievous or both. Where there was not open misrepresentation there was often subtle animus, all the more difficult to combat. We fought steadily on, however, until gradually the bulk of the Press of the country came round, at any rate to admit there might be another side, and to allow corrections of misstatements. But it was a long fight and I sometimes feel, even now, that we are not entirely " out of the wood."

The first general turn-over in respect of fairness followed various law proceedings and the debates in both Houses of Parliament, in some of which certain eminent judges spoke up for us, though here again the amazing prejudice of some papers showed itself in their reports. Often, while the speeches against us were faithfully set out, those in our favour were suppressed. The same procedure was followed in respect of some of the legal decisions—where a judge decided against us, or animadverted on our bad work or methods, those papers came out with full reports! Where it was the other way and the Court decided in our favour, with friendly remarks in the judgment, the bare fact would be reported! Something of the same kind is seen even now in the habit some papers have of putting a heading to an article or report which gives it quite a different meaning or

purport to that conveyed without the misleading " headlines." Thus an announcement that a certain large institution under our care was entirely free from smallpox, came out with a heading in bold type, " Smallpox in the Salvation Army." In another instance a statement that a popular officer was not likely to be appointed elsewhere appeared under a line " Removal of Commissioner ——."

The death of the Army Mother saw another widespread change in the attitude of the Press as a whole, led by George Augustus Sala of the *Daily Telegraph*. He wrote a fine article on the subject, and this seemed to give a cue to others, both in the secular and religious papers, and altogether The Army became more widely known than ever. Then, of course, there was a big movement towards us a little later, on the publication of " In Darkest England and the Way Out "—quite a landslide, in fact—though some important newspapers, especially in the provinces, still held aloof. Our Congress in 1904, with the Founder's visit to King Edward, and, later, the Founder's motor tours, were extremely well dealt with by the Press, and the goodwill extended over a number of Continental, American and Australian journals.

One friendly figure was the power behind the *Morning Post*, Lord Glenesk. Although a very strong Anglican and a man of determined views on religious questions, he had a sympathetic eye for us. The *Morning Post*, it is true, did not say very much about us, but at the same time it never said anything really unfriendly. Later, when he came nearer to us, Lord Glenesk quite yielded to the spell of the Founder, and I remember to this day the enthusiasm with which he surveyed one of our demonstrations at the Crystal Palace. He attended a luncheon

on that occasion, I think he spoke, at all events he charmed the old General by his evident appreciation of the important things about The Army. What abides in my mind most of all is his remark to me in a conversation I had with him after lunch that day. It was with reference to the singing of our people, which was a feature of the demonstration, and he said to me, "Keep them singing. If you can keep them singing they will fill the world." For a man of his connexions that showed a very advanced mind!

Among individual journalists—I am writing, of course, of an earlier day—I can count many friends. I have written at length in a previous volume of W. T. Stead, whose chivalrous pen did so much for us. His name recalls, if not troops of friends, at all events a very gifted group, chiefly John (afterwards Lord) Morley, under whom Stead served on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Alfred, later Lord Milner, and E. T. Cook, who in their turn served under Stead. The late Sir E. T. Cook greatly helped us. I prevailed on him to visit our slum work, and, reserved man though he was, he indicated to me how greatly it had touched his heart and soul and influenced his life and work in subsequent days.

Another pressman on Stead's staff was Charles Morley, a nephew of Stead's former chief. He never ceased to speak well of The Army, and wrote some striking papers before and after the inauguration of the Social Scheme. In an article in one magazine he ably described a visit he paid one Sunday morning to Blackfriars Shelter:

> "Each of those five hundred faces gazing up at the platform has a history, a soul; each is at this moment without hope, and desperate. It is necessary to stir some out of their lethargy; to probe

the secret of others, if it be possible; to soften the moral epidermis; to sweat sins out; to administer massage, moral and spiritual; to douche and spray with the waters of life; to galvanize sluggish natures with high frequency currents. I take it, indeed, that all rituals and ceremonies are adjusted and arranged with these wholesome objects, but this is a gathering which would have tried the missionary gifts of Christ Himself; and until the Salvationists rose up and became a power in the land no one thought the task possible or even worth while. It is well to bear this in mind when you hear them jibe and jest at the men and methods of The Army."

Charles Morley's speciality was the play. He was dramatic critic for the *Pall Mall* and other papers, and well versed in theatrical doings. He once said to me, after visiting some Salvation Army meetings in connexion with the Women's Social Work, including a midnight demonstration, that if he wanted a real thrill, something to stir his own soul, then he would go to the Salvation Army! His ordinary point of view was that of the dramatic critic; the play and the players filled the horizon, but when he came to us he saw the thing to be so genuine that I think he forgot the play in discovering the real life.

Yet another of the same group was young Edmund Garrett, whom Cook described as one of the most gifted journalists of his day. Garrett's first contribution to the *Pall Mall* was a description of the Coming-of-Age Festival of The Army at the Alexandra Palace in 1887, and it marked the writer of the article out for the attention of the future Lord Milner. The article was headed, " A Cheerful Religion," very different from the satirical and

contemptuous headings under which Army doings were usually chronicled in those days. I remember the young journalist—he was then only in his early twenties—taking hold of my hand on the hillside at the Alexandra Palace, when we were separating at the end of the day, and saying, with deep emotion, " I would give all that I have, and would give my life right here, if I could believe as your people believe." But he had a strain of scepticism—and a gloomy scepticism—in his make-up, due, perhaps, to the influence of a gifted cousin. The story of how Garrett took a hero's part in shaming the atrocious rowdyism of Eastbourne beach when it was directed against The Army, is told in Cook's memoir of him. Later he went to South Africa, where he was editor of the *Cape Times*. He was a great admirer of Cecil Rhodes, whose principal Press henchman he became. He died from phthisis when little more than forty, and for some years his life was, as he pathetically described it, " a dropping fire."

A journalist who gave us a certain amount of help was the late James Edmund Vincent, for a number of years the principal descriptive reporter on *The Times*. Vincent had a pointed pen, and he could mix his ink with disagreeable ingredients; but he was a lawyer, with a mind at once logical and open to conviction, and when he came to look into our Social Work he could not refuse his acknowledgments, though, to be sure, he usually managed to put a sting into the tail of what he said. " Whether this thing will last," he would write at the end of a modest encomium, " is another question." But he wrote the facts as he saw them, and his paper printed what he wrote as he wrote it, and for that we were always grateful.

The Times itself stood rather aloof from us, with

distant thundering occasionally, but of late years it has been more considerate, even, at times, friendly. Let this great thing be said for *The Times*, that with the exception already named, it has never refused a letter from my father or myself in which we desired to make a correction or an explanation, or to propound some new ideas. When *The Times*, in its finely balanced fashion, commended one of our funds, the man who brought us the first big donation said, " You are blest by *The Times* so it must be all right. Here is your first £1,000."

The leading article in *The Times* when the " Darkest England " Scheme was put forward, following an interview between the editor and the Founder, did that scheme an immense service, although, of course, the article expressed a proper degree of hesitancy, and its corners were rounded, so to speak, with " ifs " and " buts." The good it did was not undone even by the columns of abuse from various correspondents, led by Professor Huxley,[1] which followed it. My father often smiled at these outpourings and asked me how much I would pay for the columns—on some days even whole pages—at advertisement rates!

Our own experience has convinced me that newspapers are exposed to one peculiar danger when they have to acquaint the public with new movements, particularly movements which have a religious or philanthropic purpose. Almost inevitably the matter is assigned to those members of their staffs who have themselves specialized along these particular lines, with the consequence that they come to the subject with minds already favouring some other plan. It is as though the writer of a drama were dispatched to criticize a new

[1] See Chapter XXI.

production on similar lines at a neighbouring theatre! It is almost impossible to avoid that often unconscious touch of partiality and prejudice expressed in the old saying, " Two of a trade."

To give only one example; with a well-known London newspaper we have been on more or less friendly terms for over a quarter of a century. But when we bring forward a scheme of emigration and send the particulars to this journal, it is turned over to a man who is already committed to a certain plan of his own, or someone else's, for dealing with emigration problems. In such a case it would be remarkable, almost superhuman, if he did not approach our scheme with some amount of bias. A similar difficulty is seen when a big paper wishes to criticize such work as ours, and hands the subject to one of its occasional leader-writers. A writer on such a topic would almost certainly be an ecclesiastic, and in nine cases out of ten with an ecclesiastic's prejudices.

In one matter affecting principle we have always taken a definite line. Again and again we have been approached by periodicals of a certain type with suggestions that if we desired to have favourable notice for The Army in the editorial columns we must be prepared to take certain space in the advertisement section. I have always resisted this. It is true, of course, that some papers and magazines could not live unless there were some intimate connexion between the two departments. I confess that in those days when it was at once so difficult and so important for us to get attention, and in certain quarters commendation, I often found it hard work to refuse the offer of favourable notice on our taking certain space as an advertisement. But it seemed to me—especially as regards religious papers—that articles inserted for this reason were really paid for by us, and

that it was scarcely straightforward to allow them to go out as the judgment of the journal in question.

A sinister side of this trade is shown in the threat of attack unless advertisement space is paid for. Just before one of our most important London campaigns in the early years of the present century, the representative of a certain well-known periodical asked to see me. I referred him to my confidential secretary, to whom he announced that his journal had received a damaging article reflecting on our good faith. "It might," he went on, "be our duty to publish it." Before deciding to do so, however, the editor had thought well to suggest to us a course of advertising in the paper in question, say for a few months, after which the occasion for publishing the article in question would have passed away. This emissary from the editor declared that such an advertisement of our work would be certain to prove remunerative, and that an expenditure of anything from fifty to a hundred pounds a week would, in his opinion, be found well worth while. When the statement was communicated to me I refused to see the man, sent him word that he had come to the wrong address, and that I considered his proposal was nothing less than blackmail. Thereafter came months of scurrilous abuse and slander from that quarter, and the parading of any trifling incident which might come to light with the idea of injuring us. This kind of thing is a positive pestilence.

During the last twenty years my impression is that the power of the Press has greatly increased in the sense that it has reached new strata of the population, and by trenchant and often sensational methods has formed popular opinion and often, no doubt, inflamed prejudice, in a way unknown to older journalism. The man who, more than any other, brought about this result, so far as

this country is concerned, was Lord Northcliffe, but there were some other men who stood at the birth of the new journalism—Sir Arthur Pearson, for instance, of whom it is interesting to take account. Before my father's death my own association with Lord Northcliffe was comparatively slight, but during and after the war I came into occasional touch with him, chiefly through the work which The Army was able to do for the war prisoners. But that belongs to a period outside the one covered by this book. I am quite sure that Northcliffe was not the crass materialist that some people imagined, but he was impulsive and made mistakes, the chief of which was the mistake of measuring everybody by himself.

It is a matter for regret that, with perhaps one or two exceptions, the newspapers do so little to make the spiritual facts of life clear to mankind. The newspaper reader might in general imagine, from anything he could gather from one column after another, that when a man dies it is the end of him, and that if God exists He has never spoken. A considerable part of the Press pays attention to the things of the other life only when there is something to tickle a perverse palate, such as spiritualistic phenomena. If England is to keep in the forefront of the nations and to play a great part in civilization she must be interested in the sublime facts of existence, not forgetting them in the transient facts, which themselves will be forgotten to-morrow. Has not the Press in this respect a function greater than it has yet realized? It is the national remembrancer. But what is it bidding the British people remember?

CHAPTER XVII

SOME AUTHORS AND THE ARMY

IT has often been a matter of surprise to me that some author of world repute, in search of a subject around which his literary genius might weave an immortal romance, has not thought of the Salvation Army. Alike in its spirit and method and in the results which have followed its labours, The Army has at any rate the very necessary quality of human interest.

But while The Army awaits a great romanticist, several writers of distinction, both in the English-speaking world and outside, have paid their tribute to our operations, and in the course of our history we have come more or less into intimate touch with a number of authors.

One of the most interesting men of his period was Sir Walter Besant, who did us more than one good turn, showed an acute interest in our aims, and in his great work on London, in the volume dealing with the nineteenth century, included a long chapter on the Salvation Army, giving a close and sympathetic account of the work.

A writer of altogether another type—the poet of modern revolt, as he was sometimes called—was Robert Buchanan, an outspoken unbeliever, and yet one of the world's great hearts. Buchanan was one of the merriest of all the sad souls I have had to deal with, an amazing

collection of contradictions, and yet one of the most delightful characters to be met with on the day's journey. In a lengthy piece of verse entitled "Hallelujah Jane," which attracted widespread attention for a long time after it first appeared, he spoke out of the depths. The poem tells the story of the reclamation of an unhappy woman of the slums, and a kind of refrain runs as follows:

"Glory! Hallelujah! March along together!
March along, march along, every kind of weather!
Wet or dry, shower or shine, ready night and day,
Travelling to Jesus, singing on the way!
He is waiting for us, yonder in the sky,
Stooping down His shining head to
Hear
Our
Cry!"

There are many touching lines in the poem, especially those which tell of the devotion of this woman to a little sick sister, but here is the expressive way in which the story of her conversion is told:

"But one mornin' when The Army was a-gatherin', I stood by,
And they 'ollered, 'Glory, glory, to our Father in the sky!'
And I thought the tune was jolly, and I sang out loud and gay.
And the minute I began it, 'arf my trouble pass'd away,
And the louder as I sung it, that great lump I felt inside
Grew a-lighter and a-lighter, while I lep' and sung and cried!
And when the song was over, up the Captain comes to me,
And he sez, 'That voice of yourn, Jane, is as good as any three!
Why, you're like a op'ry singer!' he sez, larfin . . . 'Never mind,'
He sez (for I look'd sulky, and his heart was allays kind!),
'Never mind—there's many among us of such singin' would be proud—
He's a long way off, is Jesus, so we've got to make it loud!'

Then they marched, and I went marchin', for I seem'd gone
mad that day,
And my 'eart inside was dancin' every footstep of the way.
Yes, and that there singin' saved me! For the louder as I
sung,
Why, the more my load was lighten'd, and it seem'd as how
I sprung
From the ground right up to Jesus, and I 'eard Him 'oller
clear,
'Keep a-marchin' and a-singin', for you've got to get up
'ere!'"

Another widely-known writer who was always anxious to help us was Rider Haggard. His writing was chiefly fiction, of a startling and original type. But he did some serious work also, and his "A Farmer's Year" and "Rural England" are likely to be read and valued long after "She" and "Ayesha" have passed away.

Haggard liked the Salvation Army from its early days. He liked my dear father, and his liking was cordially reciprocated. They were very different men, but they were amazingly one in some questions of the highest significance for the community, though they did not agree about the Transvaal, and they had both of them a frank outspokenness which is not always an attraction. In Rider Haggard's autobiography he describes a visit he paid to Queen Victoria Street when the old General, stripped to his red jersey, was steaming with perspiration and very vexed because his tea or whatever the meal was called was not ready. At length the meal arrived—a huge dish of mushrooms and a pot of strong tea. "Contemplating this combination of fungi and tannin," says Rider Haggard, "I remarked that never before had I understood the height and depth and breadth of his faith in the heavenly protection!"

Our first intimate association came about in rather

a curious way. The Army had established a colony for landless men from the Eastern States. The early results obtained at this irrigation colony, which was near Denver, in Colorado, justified us in thinking that such colonies could be successfully established elsewhere. The British Government at first refused our request that they should look into the work, but after a time, partly owing to the influence of Earl Grey, who was then (1904-5) Governor-General of Canada, and who had come into contact with our people when he was in South Africa, the Government agreed to send someone out to look at the experiment and report.

Haggard—a capital selection—was chosen. He was a skilled agriculturist, a landowner, and a shrewd business man, not without a vein of real sympathy with the poor. He went out and made a full and, on the whole, a very favourable report.[1] The colony ultimately did not succeed owing to unforeseen difficulties with water, but Haggard received a very excellent impression both of our aims and of our businesslike and common-sense methods. He said so.

Some little time after this we were in very low water as to funds for our Social Work in the United Kingdom, and I suggested to the Founder that we should ask some writer of repute to go and look at the work and write his own impressions for publication. The idea was approved, and I thought of Haggard. We suggested that if he would undertake the work we were quite prepared to consider any reasonable fee he might propose. He called at Headquarters and told me he had decided to undertake the job, but must make two con-

[1] "The Poor and the Land": being a report on the Salvation Army colonies in the United States and at Hadleigh, England, with scheme of national land settlement. London, 1905.

ditions. "First," he said, "you must give me a list of your places, few or many, both for men and for women, and I will go and visit them when I like and how I like, with or without notice, and "—with emphasis—"I shall report what I see." I replied, "Right, that will suit us admirably. What is the other condition?" "The other condition," he said, "is that you do not pay me anything for the work." Naturally I replied, "Right," again, and although Sir Rider, as he later became, gave three months to this undertaking, travelling the length and breadth of the country, and employing a secretary to assist him, he would not take a shilling from us. I always felt that this was rather a fine thing. He was not a wealthy man, especially at that time, and when he did produce it, the book[1] proved of real financial importance to us.

Haggard, in his autobiography, tells the story of "Regeneration," and he adds:

> "I emerged from this work with a most whole-hearted admiration for the Salvation Army and its splendid self-sacrificing labours among the lowest of the low. Its success with these, where so many have failed, remains something of a mystery to my mind, which I can only explain by a belief that it is aided through the agency of the Power above us. Nothing else will account for the transformation it effects in the natures of utterly degraded men and women. Long may it endure and prosper!"

In the same book Haggard writes, on the occasion of

[1] "Regeneration." Being an account of the Social Work of the Salvation Army in Great Britain. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans, Green & Co., London, 1910.)

the death of The Army Founder, that here on earth William Booth had built himself a monument of many thousands of regenerated hearts. "Why, I wonder," he writes, "was burial in Westminster Abbey not offered for his remains? I suppose the answer is—because he did not belong to the Church of England. Yet if the Abbey can open its ancient doors to those who amuse many of the people—eminent actors, for instance—it seems hard that these should be closed to one who saved so many of the people, and in all lands."

One other circumstance occurs to me. When he had finished the work, Haggard called upon me at Headquarters and handed over the manuscript. He was very warm, in fact enthusiastic, about much that he had seen in the course of his investigation, and I asked him before he went to tell me what single incident in the course of all his work had made the greatest impression upon his mind.

He thought a moment, and then he said, "I will tell you. I called at one of your institutions for women, and during my conversation with the warden we were interrupted, and she left me with an apology. When she returned I asked her where she had been. She put me off rather, but I said I was there to investigate, and I wanted to know what the interruption was about. Then she told me a long story. One of the women, who had been rescued from a most deplorable existence, had called upon her to pay some money she had promised. The promise had been made in strange circumstances. The chief constable had called at this home one day and explained that the police and magistrates were at their wits' end about a notorious character who had become a menace to the health and decency of the

city. She agreed, although they were full, to find a place for this poor, broken, dishevelled creature, whose condition was about as bad as it could be. At the Home they washed her, prayed with her, and loved her, and after a few months she became a changed woman. One day when she went out on an errand, she noticed a young girl standing sadly at the corner of the street, and, knowing all that it meant, she begged the warden to let the girl, of whom she knew nothing, come into the Home. When it was pointed out to her that the Home was crowded, and that there was not a bed left, this woman pleaded that the girl might be given her bed, and she would sleep on the landing. The warden gave way, and then spoke of financial difficulties, whereupon the woman said, 'Well, I have been a bad woman, and I know you can't trust me fully yet, but I do mean to be right, and I am quick with my needle. I will earn extra money when I take my situation and pay for that girl's keep while in the Home.' The warden accepted her promise, the girl was brought in and rescued, and had done well in her situation, and the warden concluded by saying, 'All this, Mr. Haggard, was two years ago. This morning the woman called to pay the money which she had promised!'"

There was a break in Haggard's voice when he finished the story, and I saw that it had deeply impressed him. "That," he said, "is your great achievement. You have not only descended into the very sewers of our modern life and rescued the jewels you have found there, but you have inspired them with a like passion to rescue their fellows."

Haggard was a man with a heart and a sympathetic understanding of human nature. He talked more sense about tramps and idlers, and regular workhouse

frequenters and the victims of poverty and misfortune, than any man I ever met outside the Salvation Army.

Another writer who has done some important work for The Army is Harold Begbie. I have no idea what his own opinion may be, but in my judgment few books have so stirred the religious world as his "Broken Earthenware"; a story of our work as seen in one of our London corps, and in the lives of just a dozen or so converts rescued from the depths. When we asked him to write that history we left him perfectly free as to his methods of investigation and presentation, making only one request in the matter, namely, that he should go and live for a few weeks among the people of whom he was to write. He did so, and to this I attribute no little of what may be called the "atmosphere" of the book, which has much to do with its intense reality. Mr. Begbie sank himself into the deeps inhabited by the broken and forlorn, the drink-sodden and suffering, and in no small measure succeeded in receiving into his own spirit the very spirit of their lives—their disappointments, their misfortunes, their failures and their passions.

To me the chief lesson of "Broken Earthenware" is its revelation of the conflicts of the spirit even in the most degraded. In his preface, Begbie defends that particular side of the Salvation Army's methods which offends so many people—its bands, its cheerful singing, its laughing optimism.

> "You cannot imagine," he writes, "what effect those exhilarating bands, those rejoicing hymns, and those radiant Salvationists produce in streets of infinite squalor and abysmal degradation. Think what it means for the sodden and degraded

> miserable, shivering some Sunday morning in his filthy rags on the steps of a common lodging-house, hating himself, hating God, and regarding the whole race of humanity with hostility, to hear suddenly the jocund clash of brass music, to catch words that challenge his wretchedness and despair with exhilarating joy, and then to see among those marching down the centre of his dreary street, happy, clean, and rejoicing, the very men who once shared his dog's life of misery and crime. It is the rejoicing, singing, irrepressible happiness of the Salvationist which often makes him such a powerful saver of other men."

Begbie is not so happy in "Other Sheep"—a study of the Salvation Army in India, written during a visit of some months' duration. Nevertheless, this also is a powerful book and has done us good in promoting a better understanding of our missionary work and the principles which underlie it. Both books have been used to the illumination of many souls. "The Life of William Booth," also by Begbie, is destined to prove, I believe, one of the great biographies of modern times, and I feel that the Founder, who himself named Begbie as his biographer, was justified in his choice.

Another popular writer with whom we had something to do was Marie Corelli. The Founder was her guest once or twice at Stratford-on-Avon. She presented one of our corps in the Midlands with a building costing about £1,500, and showed in several ways a very sympathetic appreciation of our work.

I have not read many of Miss Corelli's books, and I confess I have not liked many things in those I have read. On the other hand, "The Mighty Atom" con-

tains a powerful appeal of all but universal application. It may be, probably is, overdrawn, but its general effect is true. "The Treasure of Heaven," though marred by overmuch sentimentalism, in my opinion only just misses being a really great book, and tends to encourage, if not to inspire, some of the noblest things in human life. The original of at least one of the characters in that book—and one of the most pleasantly to be remembered—was a Salvationist, a reformed poacher and woodman, who works for the abatement of evil and the promoting of practical goodness. One of the most touching scenes in the book is where a company of rather rough characters make a copper collection for one whom they believe to be a poor old tramp, and steal up to his bedroom in the inn and lay it upon his pillow after writing some friendly words. "Miss Tranter," says one of them to the lady of the inn as the rough cap goes round, "we are doing a mission. We are Salvationists. Now's your chance. Give us a sixpence."

Miss Corelli was a Roman Catholic. The Founder, of whom she was, I believe, a sincere admirer, spoke to her on the concerns of her soul, and they prayed together. I do not know, of course, what impression he made upon her, but I do know that he believed her to be a sincere woman. More than once I heard him speak of her spiritual discernment and womanly compassion. She was one who belonged to that choice kindred of whom he himself was a member—those who care for humanity for its own sake. One strong point of interest was that she had made what she regarded as a success of her lifework in spite of the opposition of a Press at one time absolutely opposed to her.

There are other authors who have brought the Salvation Army into their works either in blessing or

cursing. It is doubtful in which spirit Mr. H. G. Wells makes his reference to The Army in "The Sleeper Awakes." That volume depicts a state of affairs in which in two hundred years' time the workers are regulated by a Labour Department which had purchased "an emotional religious organization called the Salvation Army," and turned it into a business company for the elimination of destitution. The result is not fortunate—which perhaps is an indirect compliment to us.

But Mr. Wells, far as his eye can range the future, does not tell us under what circumstances, nor under the treachery of what General, The Army came to be "purchased!"

CHAPTER XVIII

A "RESPECTABLE" SALVATION ARMY
(With some remarks on Methodism)

HUGH PRICE HUGHES, at the time I first knew him, was just stepping into the prominent place he was to hold for some years in the religious life of London. He was a striking personality, young, enthusiastic, active. I always felt a measure of anxiety about his health when I watched his hustle. But I had little idea that his career would be cut short in mid-current as it was.

Hughes came to some of our meetings. That was the beginning of my personal association with him. Afterwards we got to know him more intimately. He paid a number of visits to Headquarters and had interviews with my father. At some of those interviews I was present. Hughes at this time wanted to awaken Wesleyan Methodism. It was on that subject that he consulted the General. He wanted to leaven the Methodist lump with a new spirit. I do not think that his ideas up to then had taken a very definite shape. He was feeling his way, groping for something which for the present eluded him. And it was while he was in this state of mind that he sought the General; being aware the General had an inside knowledge of Methodism. I clearly remember a particular occasion when Hughes asked the General what he would do if he were

in Methodism. The General, in reply, sketched out to him several reforms which he believed would have important results. One or two of the changes he indicated have remained in my mind. No doubt my clear recollection of them arises partly from the fact that they bore so closely on some of our own then urgent problems.

The first suggestion the General made was that some more definite authority should be established in the Connexion for dealing with the stationing of ministers. The General condemned the prevailing system, which left the stationing to a considerable degree to the ministers themselves. The result of such a system was that the change of circuits became largely a matter of personal choice and invitation, involving questions of salary and manse accommodation instead of such a mobilization as put first and foremost the advance of the work of God.

The General also said he would insist that the large and rich circuits should provide money for the smaller and poorer ones. He had in his mind, particularly, the helping of village Methodism. Too often, in his opinion, the village causes were handed over to untried men and hired " locals." More should be done, he thought, for the general uplifting of village life. The better-to-do circuits should support young ministers who, far from regarding themselves as being immured in country places, would seize the opportunity which offered and regard it as in no way second to the opportunity of their colleagues in the towns.

One cannot resist speculating on what a different face Methodism in this country might have presented to-day if this advice had been taken when it was offered, thirty years ago! Had the village causes been tackled as the old General advised Hughes to tackle them, we should,

in my opinion, now have a stronger, heartier, more self-reliant Methodism in our villages, where Methodism formerly had its deepest roots. Whatever might have been the case with the cities, the countryside of England would be showing a more vigorous religious life.

To both these suggestions Hughes cordially agreed. With a further suggestion he was not so clearly in accord. This was that the Chairmen of Districts should be taken out of circuit work, paid a reasonable salary, and given some definite authority for oversight in their respective areas. The General had his own views of the nature of the authority they should exercise. They should have power, he thought, to stir up men who were slack in their spiritual experience, or careless in their work, *who did not win souls*, or who failed to keep hold of their societies. They should even have the power to move them, within certain limits, from one place to another within the district, without waiting for the slow-moving machinery of Conference and stationing committees. The General would even have gone further than this. He would have given power to these overseers to accept for the ministry young candidates who showed themselves to be men of devotion and action. These men would be tried first as a kind of superior "local" before being sent on to the colleges. The General saw, with the friendly and critical eye of an outsider who had been an insider, that one of the great needs of all the Churches was strong government—recognized authority. Perhaps he saw it more clearly because of his own struggles over this very question of authority. The slackness then prevailing in Methodist bodies in dealing with inefficient, unsanctified, and unfruitful people was enough to make John Wesley's dust come together before the resurrection! Hughes, however, was afraid that this higher status of

the District Chairman would not be acceptable. He considered it would be regarded as a movement towards a new episcopacy.

Then, I remember, the General condemned in his thorough-going way the prevailing system (not, of course, confined to Methodism) whereby young men are kept so long at college. He pleaded with Hughes that he should agitate for an alternative system under which those men whose zeal and spiritual perceptions seemed to point to evangelistic or aggressive enterprise should be sent out to the field after a stay of only two years in college. Others who gave promise of gifts more suitable for pastoral work might remain for the further period of study.

Hughes came to several of our great meetings. I remember that he was at an "All Night of Prayer" which was attended by about 2,500 people.

Some time after this his own meetings in the old St. James's Hall were started. There it was that the "Forward Movement" in Methodism, associated with his name, took its rise. At the back of Hughes' mind was the idea of creating a "respectable" Salvation Army, just as to-day, in the Church of England, there are people who want an "intellectual" Salvation Army. Is there not at the back of it all a certain pride, all the less worthy when it appears in the garments of Christ's ministers? Both these ideas crystallize the doubts and misgivings which many people feel towards us the world over. Even the Hindus and Japanese have inaugurated a Salvation Army of their own, but without the Divine Saviour, and the bloody sweat, and the eternal Sacrifice. The idea of a "respectable" Salvation Army is based in great part on a wrong assumption. Take Price Hughes himself. He was an Oxford man. He moved among the *élite* of Methodism. His friends were wealthy; they

included the aristocracy of Nonconformity. Yet he had sufficient intuition to realize that the Salvation Army was a portent. He knew that it was alive. He had felt its healthy pulse and recognized that its life was from above. He saw that it would probably go far. He said so. But he knew also that many of our people were not very polite, that they did not observe some of the ordinary conventions, that none of them was wealthy, that few of them were ever likely to be a power in the State, at any rate in his day. They were violent and crude in their religious expressions. They shouted the Gospel too loudly! They often knelt down on the dusty floors and in the miry streets when they prayed to God. They used phrases and imagery which offended. He saw that the whole business of The Army was mixed up with sweat and travail and tears. *He did not want all that.* There could be a Salvation Army without it. Was not all this purely external? A Salvation Army could be compatible with modern notions of decency and order.

So he started his movement, and others copied him. Among the first things they did was to set up bands, for which, by the way, they secured some of our own weaker ones, paying them to leave us and serve them. We have never paid our bandmasters or bandsmen.

Although Hugh Price Hughes called his movement a forward movement, many of the most thoughtful and spiritual people in his own Church have had grave misgivings as to its ultimate value as a means of leading the Church forward to anything in particular.

It is not for me to assess the value of the Methodist Forward Movement. No doubt it has stimulated a Church which had grown a little cold and staid, and we know that it invoked enthusiasm which found various channels of usefulness; but the Methodist leaders, men in

the succession of the great John, do not need me to tell them that it is not sufficient to provide bright, popular services, but that, somehow, men and women must be turned to God.

The " respectable " idea, in fact, is even more futile than the " intellectual." Respectability is, I suppose, a kind of conventionalism. It is the observance of the laws, written and unwritten, which men have made to keep one another in order. Maintain the traditions, and you will be respectable, respectable even though you may not be Christian. No one—certainly not Price Hughes—would claim that Jesus Christ was " respectable," or that He had " respectable " friends. Unquestionably He was Christian.

Most of our imitators have seen the outward circumstances of our warfare, but they have not found their way through to the tremendous realities from which that warfare proceeds. Thus it comes about that their efforts, often made with great zeal, with no little sacrifice, and involving ambitious and expensive programmes, have produced very inconclusive results.

One of our officers, working among the troops in France during the war, became intimate with an official chaplain of another society. This chaplain often attended our meetings with the troops, and said frankly that he could not account for the extraordinary contrast between many of our assemblies, great and small, with their warmth and fervour, and his own somewhat brief and formal services. But one day he announced to his friend that at length he had discovered the secret. " I see it now," he said, " it is the concertina that does it! Will you buy me one exactly like your own, and I will master it as soon as I can? "

This same strange error of confusing minor things

with fundamental, of mistaking shadow for substance, has resulted in much of the weakness to be seen in many of the movements, more or less following the outward pattern of The Army, which have come into existence up and down the world during the last thirty-five years. They have fastened on some external or incidental thing, and have imagined that it was this which governed the situation. The notion that "It's the concertina that does it" has led many people astray! And if I am to be perfectly frank, I am not sure that this idea has not occasionally found a place among some of our own officers!

The *Methodist Times* at first spoke warmly of us; but there came a day when even Hughes himself "wrote down" William Booth. I have a copy of a letter which the General wrote in answer to one from our friend, John Cory. Mr. Cory had enclosed an article from the *Methodist Times* in which Hughes had suggested that the real power of The Army was Catherine Booth; he also repeated to the General certain other criticisms which Hughes, who had been visiting him, had levelled against us. He had said that there had been backsliding from our ranks. As to this the General writes:

> "If Quakerism or Methodism be selected for comparison with The Army, I do not think it will be found that we have as much falling out of our ranks as either of them had in the days of their power. Certainly the instability of his converts was one of John Wesley's great sorrows. In our case we have doubtless lost considerably, but it must be remembered that great numbers of the wanderers from our borders are continually being recovered."

He goes on to point out the severity of the test which is imposed on our members compared with that which other religious societies exact. Salvation soldiers must have a clear assurance of salvation, they must not drink, if they hold any office they may not smoke, they must not indulge in worldly pleasures nor follow after worldly fashions, must give up godless friends, must speak and march in the streets, must give to the cause, and must be willing to suffer many disadvantages.

The General made a dignified rejoinder to Hughes' suggestion that now that Catherine Booth had gone The Army was a spent force:

> "I have no unkind feeling for the somewhat hasty brother (Hughes) who is responsible for the article you send me to read, and I would not write what follows to anyone but a personal friend. But I must say that it is sometimes very painful to me when those who wish to humiliate or belittle me before the world cast their stones at me from the graveside of my beloved and sainted wife. I am told in the article referred to that she was the only true preacher of the Movement. I should think that you, at least, would have remembered that I was a preacher of some influence, graciously owned of God, and seeing hundreds, nay, thousands of people kneeling at the mercy seat, long before my dear wife opened her mouth to speak for Him in public. As for the present, I may be allowed to say to you that I continue to proclaim salvation to larger numbers of all sorts of people, high and low, with greater freedom, with more remarkable results than at any former period of my life.
>
> "As to the decline of The Army which is

supposed to have set in since I have been called to walk alone amid life's sorrows, I should have thought that the critics would have seen that such collapse, had it happened, would have been but a poor testimony to the wisdom and the labours of the one who has departed." (Then he underscores:) "But this declination, I am happy to say, has only taken place in the imagination of my critics, and, as a matter of hard fact, The Army has nearly doubled itself since her death."

This chapter, so largely occupied with Methodism, must not end here. The Army has had many valued friends among the Methodists; the name of T. B. Stevenson, for example, who commenced the great group of institutions known as the Children's Homes, comes at once to my mind, as well as those of many generous Methodist laymen, William M'Arthur, John Cory, James Barlow, of Bolton, Mary Fowler, of Liverpool, Dr. Wood, of Southport, and others. I think it was T. G. Osborn who invited the General to address the Wesleyan Conference in the year 1880. The Conference met that year in City Road Chapel, London. The General waited a moment or two his turn to speak, standing underneath the platform which had been specially erected, and while he was there in the gloom two Methodist ministers, members of the Conference, came in. One of them remarked to the other that General Booth was going to address the Conference. "*General Booth!*" exclaimed his companion. "Good heavens! They'll be having Mrs. Girling next!" Mrs. Girling was a prominent Shaker!

CHAPTER XIX

THE PLAY—AND THE REAL THING

THE theatre has rather caricatured us. I suppose that a writer of plays is almost bound to seize upon the external, and only upon certain aspects of it. Therefore if he introduces The Army it is to emphasize the odds and ends of Army life and experience, not to pursue its romance. Yet caricature does good. One of our leading officers in America, formerly a worldly man, was attracted in the first instance to The Army by a stage representation—caricature though it was. At the same time, I do think that, just as there are the makings of a great novel in The Army, as I have said in another chapter, so there are the makings of a great play. The Salvation Army worthily treated on the stage might form the theme for a noble and enduring work. Bernard Shaw in "Major Barbara" has some good and quick revealings, but all is spoilt by the conclusion which, so far as the play itself is concerned, is an anti-climax if not an anachronism, and, so far as The Army is concerned, is untrue to life. We have many, many thousands of women whose devoted lives are not unlike Barbara's, but they are totally misrepresented by Barbara's failure at the end. However, Mr. Shaw has done us more than one good turn; he may yet do us another. "The Belle of New York" is somewhat better, but again it is not really a great play, if

only because it is untrue to fact. Going back to still earlier times—forty years ago or more—the hoardings of many provincial towns carried coloured posters depicting a red-jerseyed Army captain as a character in a play called "The Ruling Passion." The play did portray something of the zeal and abandon with which our officers give themselves up to the work to which they have consecrated their lives. But in general it must be said that the thrill and drama of The Army, its real emotional appeal, and the tragedy and comedy which underlie many of its experiences, have not yet "got across the footlights."

Of theatrical managers I have lively recollections, if only because I have at different times been offered considerable sums to appear and take some passing "part." The most "tempting offer" of this character came from a man who, because I had said a few kind and hopeful words about actors and their souls, which had attracted widespread notice in the Press, suggested to me a four weeks' engagement. I was to appear for a quarter of an hour on four nights a week in different towns—he left my week-ends free for what he called my "other work"—and for this I was to receive my travelling expenses and £250 a week.

Another proposal, though not so good financially, was felt by the man who made it to be more in keeping with my "other work!" The offer was to "appear" in certain towns as one item in a night's entertainment for a few weeks. I was to "speak anything I liked" and to receive, above all expenses, I think, £25 a night.

I did once actually come into a music-hall variety show. This was at a theatre at Plymouth, and I was "Item No. 12." The orchestra played me in to "For he's a jolly good fellow," and I received an amazing

welcome from a house packed in every corner. I remember a little incident which greatly impressed my father-in-law, Dr. Soper, who was then living at Plymouth, and who with no little trepidation had accompanied me to the theatre. When the first thunders of applause had died down there came from the topmost gallery, into the expectant silence, a thin but penetrating voice, "*Now fire a volley!*" The whole house instantly roared its response. I spoke that night of every man's need of true friendship—above all his need of the friendship of God. As I left the stage the artistes in a group greeted me most kindly, and the audience rose and gave me quite an ovation.

When "In Darkest England and the Way Out" was published[1] we were assailed by theatrical people among others, though even then there were notable exceptions. Sir Augustus Harris, of Drury Lane, first among managers of the time, offered us the proceeds of a night's entertainment, though nothing came of it. Some years later a leading London playhouse devoted one night's takings to The Army's philanthropic and missionary operations. On one of the Founder's visits to a distant part of the Empire, an actress whose name was at that time almost a household word was the principal executant at a performance for The Army's benefit in the saloon of the boat, at the conclusion of which a peer of the realm, a colonial Attorney-General, and a judge headed the subscription list.

Two early theatrical friends were Mr. (afterwards Sir Squire) Bancroft and his wife. In the "Darkest England" controversy Mr. Bancroft wrote to *The Times* offering £1,000 to the fund if nine others would give

[1] "In Darkest England and the Way Out." By William Booth.

a like sum. The man in the street considered it a remarkable thing that Squire Bancroft should stand by The Army. But the Bancrofts were the right sort. Of their theory of religion I know nothing, but of their genuine sympathy with the poor I know enough to chase away any surprise I might have felt about that £1,000. *The Times*, not unnaturally, took up the doubting attitude, "Where are the nine?" though in due time "the nine" were forthcoming. Another pleasant recollection of the Bancrofts occurs to me. At the conclusion of one of our meetings in old Exeter Hall, at which they were present, they came up to the platform and congratulated my father on his speech in terms which he always remembered with pleasure. Lady Bancroft was quite obviously moved.

Sir Henry Irving was another friend. Almost the last thing he did before his sudden death at Bradford, in 1905, was to write a cheque for The Army funds.

But in the course of our work up and down the world we have touched the stage in another way. Perhaps an incident from my own experience may best illustrate what I mean. It often happens that when we hold meetings in playhouses of one kind or another there may be seen among the audience, generally seated in little groups, members of the company which happens to be occupying the stage during the week following our Sunday engagement. They almost always appear deeply interested hearers and observers—I say "observers" because, as a rule, they seem at first more concerned with the audience—the make-up of "the house," as they would call it—than with the speakers. But usually their attention is completely won as the service proceeds.

One Sunday night, in one of the large provincial theatres, crowded in every part, I was concluding my

address and anxiously pleading with the people for my Master and His claims, when I noticed a very attractive woman, one of a group of hearers seated in the stalls, who was apparently much agitated. Her expression and attitude gave evidence of distress and anxiety such as we are accustomed to associate with conviction of sin and desire to seek the Salvation of God. I finished my remarks with the usual invitation to those who were resolved to be saved to come on the stage and confess their need. In a few minutes several men came forward amid great solemnity, and then this young woman—the first woman that night—also came. She was helped by one of the officers to accept Christ there and then as her Saviour.

The next morning she came, in no little perplexity and anxiety, to tell her manager what had happened, and to say that she wished to be released from her engagement. After listening to her story he said, "Well, Miss ——, I was in the theatre last night, I know what you felt, I saw you go on to the stage, I admired your courage. . . . I think you are making a mistake, but on two conditions I will release you from your engagement" (which was for three months). "You must agree to take your part as before for one week, and to allow me to advertise the reason for which you are giving up the stage." The terms were accepted. For that week crowded houses cheered the actress, not only because she was the beautiful girl she was, and played her part even better than before, making a modest bow when called before the curtain, but because they were touched by her courage in confessing Christ and making the sacrifice that her decision involved. She became an ardent Salvationist, and did good work for God.

There is yet another way in which we have touched the stage, using the word now to embrace that mysterious, though for so many people fascinating, group of sensations called the "Circus." One Sunday afternoon towards the end of his life, the Founder gave a lecture on the work of The Army in a certain important town. The function was about to close after the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman when a prominent member of the Town Council in a neighbouring municipality stepped forward and asked permission to say a few words. He said that he desired to recall a circumstance in the history of their town which he thought would be of interest to General Booth. Twenty years or more ago, he went on, a popular circus paid them a visit. The tent was pitched and the performances began. About the same time the Salvation Army had also commenced its work in the locality, and by a mutually satisfactory arrangement The Army hired the circus tent for its Sunday meetings. Several members of the circus company attended those gatherings, among them a notable performer known as "Indiarubber Jim." He was so called and widely advertised because of the amusing and extraordinary contortions through which he could put his body. A poor, dissolute, broken creature, he seemed good for nothing but for this. At The Army meetings, however, he was impressed by the message, and he made a public confession of his past iniquities, crying to God for forgiveness. He became a changed man and a Salvationist, and the circus knew him no more. Sometimes when in Army meetings he pleaded with God in prayer for the sinners around him, he would be overcome by his feelings and, under some strange influence of the past, he would leap into the air and even turn a somersault. Naturally he attracted

much attention, and by the common consent of the public-house fraternity his name was changed and he became known as "Indiarubber Jesus." This description served to make him still more widely known, and sometimes people came long distances to see him and hear his testimony, and many thereby were won for Christ. Then, turning to the Founder, amid a scene of great enthusiasm, the speaker concluded by saying, "General Booth, it is 'Indiarubber Jesus' himself who offers to-day this witness to the power of God, and this humble expression of sincere gratitude to you and your Army for what you did for him."

I like theatrical people. I sometimes think that human impulses have freer play in them than in others. They are not so mortally afraid of emotion or of giving themselves away. They are not so bound by convention. Many of them, I think, are not far from the Kingdom. I respect their art, too. But I do wish, when I think of it, that their art had not to be exercised in the suggestive or immoral situations on which modern plays, and for that matter revived old plays also, so often, so very often, turn. I grant that, here and there, there has been improvement in the elimination of objectionable words and acts, and, so far as I am able to judge, this country is much in advance of many others in this matter, but there are still far too many plays which leave a stain on the memory. Is there not room for a really wholesome play which would inspire as well as amuse? If the theatrical world says not, that is the measure of its lack of faith.

CHAPTER XX

THREE FATHERS OF THE VELDT

IN 1902 I came into touch with the three Boer Generals—Botha, De Wet and Delarey.

It was only three months after the Peace of Vereeniging when these Boer leaders came to this country—receiving quite a popular welcome—as part of their progress through Europe, collecting funds for their people whom the war had rendered destitute. They asked to see the Founder, and the Founder on his part was very eager to talk with them in order to get their views on the future of South Africa, particularly from the point of view of European settlement on the land. He wanted also to learn the possibilities of obtaining land for one of our emigration schemes. Before the South African War he had come into touch with Cecil Rhodes, and South Africa had a large place in those practical visions—if one may use such a term, not incongruous in his own case—which filled my father's mind at this time.

The three Boers came to Headquarters, into the very room in which I am writing these words. I believe they began the conversation by explaining to the Founder how greatly they had appreciated the work done by some of our people during the war. Botha told the story of one of our men whose action had greatly impressed the Boers. It was just after the first great Boer disaster in

the war—I think at Paardeberg, where Cronje surrendered —in which one or two of our men (Salvationists) were wounded and taken prisoners by the Boers. Another Salvationist gave himself up to the enemy that he might tend these men, and when he had done what he could for them and had made them comfortable, the Boers gave him his freedom.

This incident, which had a dash of chivalry about it much to the Boer liking, opened the way to a delightful conversation which at once left the war for other subjects, especially the possibility of settling men in South Africa, preferably at the Cape. The extension of our spiritual work in the Transvaal generally was also explored. Before the war we had had very kindly relations with ex-President Steyn, of the Orange Free State, at this time a dying man, and these Boers knew something of our work on its evangelistic side. Although two of the three, namely, Botha and De Wet, gave no impression of setting up to be religious men, they both spoke of our work with the greatest earnestness, and entered frankly, too, into a discussion of the difficulties which had arisen in consequence of the war. They declared, however, that the ill-feeling which had been engendered, inevitable in so protracted a struggle, would make no difference to their leading people in the reception which they gave to our work. Perhaps I might mention that the Salvation Army never joined in the furore over the question of the concentration camps which had been established by the British out of humanity for non-combatant Boers, but the administration of which, no doubt, left much to be desired; and in refusing to join in the condemnation so vocal in some quarters we had greatly aggravated Stead, who was indignant against the British for their supposed barbarisms. Yet, knowing

our attitude in that matter, these three Boers were still as friendly as ever, and we felt it was a beautiful tribute to their sincerity that they should be anxious to welcome us and help us in their own country.

Then the old General spoke to them, as was his custom before the conclusion of any business interview, about their own spiritual experience. The only one of the three who made any response was Delarey, who was undoubtedly a man of spiritual perception. He made the most amazing impression on the Founder when he spoke about the struggles of his own soul. His long beard and his extraordinary, burning eyes—it would not be enough to say that they flashed, they gave the impression of burning depths—made him look like a prophet. There really seemed to be a spirit striving within this man when he spoke. He gave me the idea of a large-hearted, generous soul. Indeed, only a few months earlier he had gained one of the last strokes in the war by his capture of Lord Methuen, and there he showed his great chivalry by sending back the British General, who had been wounded, because he himself, under the conditions of his camp, could not give him proper attention. It was said, of course, that that was only another instance of Boer "wiliness," for peace negotiations were then in the air, and by such an act the Boers might expect some amelioration of the terms imposed upon them. But in the company of Delarey it was impossible to resist the conclusion that he was a man to whom such "gestures" came naturally, a man of soul and heart. There was nothing about him, or any part of him, that was not wide and high. He was a truly great man, this burgher of the South African veldt. Many years before I met Delarey, I had read the life and campaigns of J. E. B. Stuart, the great

cavalry leader of the Confederate States in the American Civil War. Delarey in his person and bearing recalled to me much that I had read of Stuart, especially in his alertness and large-heartedness, and, strange to say, when, years afterwards, I visited Richmond, Virginia, and went to see the statues there of eminent soldiers, I was struck with something in the representation of the bearded, broad-browed Stuart which recalled Delarey. They were men of different continents and races, but singularly alike in many respects. I saw Delarey a second time, when he made a still greater impression on my mind about religion. I called upon him in his hotel, and again felt that he was a man who walked elsewhere. He was the oldest of the three, about fifty-five at the time of our first meeting.

I have a clear impression also of the other two. Botha, the youngest of the trio, a man still under forty, gave me the idea of a gentleman without prefix. He was, indeed, a gentleman. He was well built, his head was firm on his shoulders, and he gave one the impression that nothing escaped his observation, but you felt that he could be trusted entirely and would never take any mean advantage. Of his personal knowledge of religion, it is difficult to speak. I do not think he understood what we understand by the revelation of Christ to the individual soul, and yet there was no doubt in him a real puritanical devotion to righteousness. It was this which gave him his native authority. Mistaken, no doubt, in many respects he was, but in character one of the world's greatest men.

De Wet, a man of fifty, and one of the ablest leaders in the war, a guerrilla strategist of the first order, most elusive and redoubtable, who had confused his opponents for many and many a month, was a different type. He

was a very firm, solid type of man, with a fiery spirit. No doubt he helped to keep the war going after Botha would have given up. He was a man who would have been an immense power as an auxiliary in any cause. It was said that when in one of the Boer councils there was a discussion as to giving up the war, owing to increasing difficulties and a demand to face the facts of the situation, it was De Wet who said, " This is a war of faith, I have nothing to do with facts. My business is to clear them out of the way." Whether rightly quoted or not, it was just the sort of expression to which he would give utterance!

The conversation of the Founder with these three men concluded with prayer, and it was a wonderful moment to me, at a time when the echoes of that miserable war were rumbling away into the distance, to see these three men kneeling down at the table and the old General invoking upon them and their families and their exhausted land the blessings of God in Christ.

CHAPTER XXI

HUXLEY AND THE "CORYBANTES"

I ALWAYS thought that Huxley's famous attack upon us was the result of a circumstance that occurred some little time before. The old General was giving an address—I think it was to officers—at a time when there had been a great "push" by the evolutionists. In his familiar, good-natured way the General made fun of the whole thing. He said, after briefly describing the new development, that it all began in a patch of mud, and that after a long time—ages, and ages, and ages (one needed to hear him drawl it out to get the true humour of the telling)—out of the mud there came a fishy creature, something like a shrimp, and then, after more ages, and ages, and ages, the shrimp turned into a monkey, which, after yet more ages, and ages, and ages, turned into—an *infidel!*

The audience rocked with laughter and enthusiasm. It was not, of course, intended to be a public utterance, but somehow or other it got round to Huxley, who, while not in perfect agreement with Darwin, was the great protagonist, the heavy-axe fighter, for the doctrine of evolutionary method in the world. On the publication of "In Darkest England and the Way Out," and the public appeal for funds for the Social Work which went with it, Huxley thought the moment had arrived for

reprisals. Probably he said to himself, "Now is my chance to take it out of him."

Into what was really an attack upon our *enthusiasm* he threw himself with all the skill of a great controversialist. He called The Army a manifestation of "corybantic Christianity." The Corybantes were the priests of Cybele who, in celebration of their festivals, beat cymbals and behaved as if delirious. It was not, perhaps, the best chosen ground on which to attack us. Many people, some of them Huxley's own admirers, held that view. But there is no doubt that Huxley really did think that what he judged to be our wild enthusiasm might lead to dangerous results. Let me add that Huxley was a fair fighter as a rule. He did not resort to those dodgeries and tricks in which some of the apologists of unbelief take refuge. A hard hitter, who stood up with courage to those who, no matter how illustrious, opposed him, but he kept a clean hand. He did not attribute to us evil motives, or make base insinuations, and I think that later on—for he was a man with a heart, and in his home extraordinarily lovable—he must have regretted that he had associated himself with those who were opposing us just because they lived by exploiting either the people's ignorance or their vices.

The value of a movement can be assessed very largely by the character of its enemies, and Huxley, with his honest soul, must have felt himself a fish out of water among a certain "interested" section of our antagonists. Moreover, it must have been a source of perplexity to him that, apart from himself and one or two infidels, the only people who attacked the Social Work at its inauguration were the religious people—the church and chapel folk—with whom he had as little, or even less, in common than he had with us.

No doubt his attack upon us did, for a time, injure our appeal for money. But it helped us in the end. It made us much more widely known and admired by a large number of people to whom Huxley at this time was rather a terrible figure, and who were reassured by our outspoken witness to a personal religion. People wrote to us from all parts of the country saying how thankful they were that someone had raised the standard, and adding that they regarded it as a great proof of the rightness of what we were doing or proposing to do, that a man like Huxley should oppose us. Huxley also went a little off his usual line in his personalities, which in due time reacted on him and excited sympathy for us among thoughtful people. We made no reply ourselves to his attacks at the time, although some of our outside friends took up cudgels on our behalf, and wrote to *The Times*, which paper gave the matter an immense amount of space and attention.

Some time after this, one of our Indian officers, a thoughtful, educated, and talented man, conceived the idea, during one of his visits to England, of speaking with Huxley face to face and telling him of his own experience. Accordingly he wrote to the professor and asked for an interview. An appointment was at once made—at Eastbourne, if my memory serves me, where Huxley was then living. On arriving at the house he was shown into Mr. Huxley's room, and at once began to unfold his story, the story, that is to say, of his life. Born a Buddhist, he had striven after the truth and calm of which the teaching of Buddha makes so much, but which he had failed to reach. Then, after meeting with the Salvation Army, he found his way to Christ, and in Him and His Spirit discovered what he had so long ardently desired. All this he told, and he added that

he had felt a deep concern for the professor's soul, and that with much trepidation, but after much prayer, he had resolved, as an officer of the Salvation Army, to put the matter before him and beg him also to seek after God.

This statement occupied probably a quarter of an hour, during which time Huxley appeared to be listening attentively to his visitor's words. When he had finished, feeling something of a glow of satisfaction at having achieved his purpose, there was silence. For a few moments neither man spoke nor moved. Then Huxley leaned forward and touched a bell on his table. A man-servant entered, to whom his master said in quite pleasant tones, "Parker"—I do not remember the name very clearly—"Parker, show this gentleman out, I have nothing to say to him," at the same moment leaving the room.

Nothing further transpired. Was Huxley angry—too angry to speak to his visitor—or was he touched by the interest of this dark-skinned enthusiast who really seemed to have a care for his soul, and did not wish to disturb that peace of which the other had spoken, or was he pricked in his heart and desired to retreat before mischief could ensue? Our Indian friend was, I believe, firmly convinced that it was the latter.

I have always felt a little measure of satisfaction in reflecting that though so frankly opposed to us, and so remote from the spheres of activity in which our witness to Divine things was likely to be heard, Huxley did hear our testimony through the witness of one soul brought by God's grace to know the Light of life.

Huxley was a biologist, and only incidentally a philosopher. He dealt with phenomena, doing a little as a critic but not professing to lay down final rules as

did Herbert Spencer. Much of his work has proved disappointing. As a scientist no doubt he trod on fairly sure ground. He was, what every real scientist ought to be, an observer of facts or of phenomena. When he left that sure ground and ventured into the realm of moral and spiritual things he was uncertain and unreliable; never, of course, consciously untrue, but out of his depth, and in trying to find his way in the spiritual world from indications derived from the material he soon—it appears to me, a humble admirer of his fine intellect—lost his way altogether.

Yet I wonder if the term "lost" can be used even of the man who put the word "agnostic" into the dictionary. May there not have come to him—indeed, there are suggestions that such did come—the reflection that vital things might lie beyond the limits prescribed by his agnosticism? Did he never look longingly across the divide? Did it never occur to him that although by the way he had set himself to walk in, the way of experiment and of interpretation based upon proved material facts, no God could be found, yet there might be some other Way in which multitudes of glad souls all around him walked? Upon his tombstone in Marylebone Cemetery there was inscribed by his own direction a passage from a poem written by his wife:

> "Be not afraid, ye waiting hearts that weep;
> For still He giveth His beloved sleep,
> And if an endless sleep He wills, so best——"

and Huxley, or the inscriber of the epitaph, did not adopt the pose of John Morley and ignore the capitals for the words which indicate the Deity.

I am very far from condemning the men of science,

who have constituted themselves the apologists of materialism and from whom materialism has borrowed so freely, merely because from time to time they speak with confidence of the things they know or think they know. My quarrel with them is that they persist in setting forth their notions as though they were final. They not only talk and write as though their facts were the only facts, but as though in the deductions they make from them—and encourage the materialists to make—are to be found the only true theories of life, of conscience, of personality. They do not merely disregard the facts of revelation, but they utterly ignore alike the lessons of philosophy and the authority of philosophers from Plato to the present time. They go on pouring out their text-books and essays, and spreading abroad their fairy-tales based on materialistic doctrines as confidently and complacently as if they could not be challenged—as if, indeed, they alone were entitled to a hearing! And yet they know quite well that all they do propound, when they leave the sure ground of observation, is challenged. It has been well said that if experts in other spheres of thought treated them as they treat the experts in philosophy and history and morals, they would be the first to cry out that such procedure was scarcely decent.

Take the case of the evolutionists. The idea that evolution is anything more than a method is gone for ever. Everyone who has any real knowledge of the present position knows quite well that evolution is merely the operation of some external force upon material already provided, and the variations, of which so much has been made, instead of hiding the fact, only make it more clear that every variation was present, potentially, in the original matter. And yet scarcely a week passes

without some new nonsense being put forth to shake the faith of the simple![1]

The fact is that science—busy as it is—has come at length, so far as morality is concerned, to nothing. What Newman said is true to-day:

> "After high aspiration, after renewed endeavours, after bootless toil, after long wanderings, after hope, effort, weariness, failure, painfully alternating and recurring, it is an immense relief to the exhausted

[1] "The facts of experience are at least as real and as vital as any other facts of life. No man of sane mind can deny that the phenomena of the moral nature are as real as any which the senses or instruments of a physicist can observe. They are facts which science, in the large sense of the term, must take notice of or abdicate its functions. To ignore the vast and various phenomena which connect themselves with the sense of moral responsibleness is impossible. What account shall be given of moral praise and blame—of self-approval and censure? Here these feelings are, and here they always have been. Do they testify to the truth? If they do not, then away with the language which only serves to deceive; away with all the multiform expressions of moral approbation or condemnation; away with courts of law and the other infinitely various manifestations of the sense of justice and moral accountableness on which the entire fabric of social life reposes!

The evolutionist must allow that these verdicts of the moral faculty, be their genesis what it may, are as valid as are any judgments of the intellect. The moral discernment rests on as solid a foundation as the intellectual perceptions. Now apply the doctrine that the determinations of the will—the faithfulness of St. John and the treachery of Judas alike—are the necessary effect of atomic movements of matter. They simply indicate a certain molecular action of the matter in a corner of the brain. Their moral approval or condemnation, the joy of one who has triumphed over a temptation, the remorse of one who has betrayed the innocent, are the veriest folly. A man who maliciously shoots his neighbour has no more occasion to blame himself for the deed than has a horse who destroys a man's life by a kick. Men call such an animal, in figurative speech, a vicious animal; and if materialism is true, there is no other kind of vice possible to a human being."—(Professor G. B. Fisher, Princeton.)

> mind to be able to say, 'At length I know that I can know nothing about anything.' . . . Ignorance remains the evil which it ever was, but something of the peace of certitude is gained in knowing the worst, and in having reconciled the mind to the endurance of it." [1]

This appalling view may well be called *the worst*, it is indeed a ghastly doctrine.

The service which science may render to mankind must ever be a poor affair from the moment it sets up to be a substitute for religion. The influence it has gained in certain quarters has arisen from the magnification of its own accomplishments to the neglect of those infinitely more serious matters on which it cannot help us. Let us remember that, in words I recall with pleasure:

> "Of the human spirit, its heights, its depths, its sense of personal duty and its sense of sin, and its justice, its loyalty, its love, science tells us nothing, or nothing, at least, that is not utterly laughable. And the few men who do not let themselves drift will still find in the Psalms and the Bible the best account and the best explanation of that world of 'passion and mystery' from which we may in no wise escape." [2]

Materialism has nothing with which it can even begin to satisfy the spiritual needs, aspirations, or relations of mankind. It omits the existence of God and of the soul. It is blind to anything higher than itself or better than the temporal. Yet it is spiritual life and light and sight which are the things really worth seeking and without which, so it seems to me, we miss the very meaning of existence.

[1] "Grammar of Assent."
[2] Algernon Cecil in *Monthly Review*.

CHAPTER XXII

LAMPOONRY

THE Salvation Army must have proved a godsend to the satirists. From the first appearance of the poke bonnet, the tambourine, and the big drum it has been lampooned, sometimes with quite a little wit, but always without mercy. The Army for many years was to the humorists what the suffragettes were in their time to the music-hall comedian. Their ridicule enveloped any public man who supported us. In the pages of *Punch* Harry Furniss drew Sir Edward Clarke as "The Salvationist Solicitor-General." Sir William Harcourt, on the strength of a friendly message to The Army, was also included among those who had "found salvation." If it was desired to make a statesman a mark of derision no better means could be found than to put him in a Salvationist jersey. The Founder of The Army himself was the subject of the most extraordinary burlesques. Probably people got more fun out of William Booth than out of any other man of his generation. Occasionally I, too, came into the picture, generally as a sort of box-office manager, counting the money while the General was clowning on the stage.

The old General took it all with a shrug of his shoulders. Neither of us minded being laughed at. The philosophy with which I was able to meet ridicule

was implanted in me by my mother in my schooldays, when I was the butt of a good deal of schoolboy humour.

We have never been greatly offended by the caricaturists. Very often we have laughed with them. If we have felt indignation it is not because the laugh has been against us, but because there has been a deliberate travesty of our aims and methods, such as a very distinguished playwright of this present day does not hesitate to bring into one of his recent works. The derision has helped us. It has certainly kept us from being proud, and it has also brought the Salvation Army to the front and saved a good deal of explanation as to who and what we are. And, indeed, I have rarely found a Salvationist deficient in humour. I have sometimes even dared to think that humour was one of the special graces of Salvationism. When I was in America our Colonel Brengle said to me, "There are two books, General, I should like you to write before you die—one on answers to prayer, and the other on funny stories." The two things are not quite unrelated. In both there are those curious appositions, coincidences, incongruities, antinomies, which only appear to be fortuitous because we cannot see the paths along which they have come. Humorous situations and answers to prayer are as much a part of the natural order of things as eclipses in the heavens, though infinitely more frequent. Some of our Salvation Army saints and warriors have had a keen eye for a piquant situation; they have discovered, not that there is one step between the ridiculous and the sublime, but that the two realms frequently overlap.

But when I turn to the files of *Punch* and other journals and read again the passages relating to the Salvation Army over a series of long years—the greater part of the 'eighties and 'nineties—I am bound to say,

prepared though I am to laugh, that there is very little to laugh at. Much of the humour is so thin and tottering that one wonders it was ever allowed to venture out. The animus of the writers against The Army is too evident. They are so eager to hold The Army up to opprobrium that they forget their principal job, which is to amuse their readers. They are so keen on getting in the sting that they forget all about the smile. And in many cases the bad taste and irreverence are remarkable, the more so because these were the very faults of which its critics were accusing The Army.

Well, humour is a very transitory thing. It depends upon a delicate allusiveness which disappears quickly with the time, and leaves us wondering what in the world these people found to laugh at. Possibly there is more humour than appears on the surface in *Punch's* remark that "Madame Sarah Bernhardt has not yet joined the Sal-vation Army," but to us it appears a very modest quirk. And imagine pages of *Punch* being taken up to-day with the sort of thing which was considered good enough in 1882—a series of supposed telegrams about the doings of the Salvation Army in a score of towns of which the following are samples:

> "*Abingdon.*—There was a large influx of visitors here to-day, who, however, speedily left on hearing that a special meeting of the Salvation Army was to be held.
>
> "*Brighton.*—The Salvation Army marched in procession through the streets of the Queen of Watering Places to-day in great numbers. Beyond some score of black eyes, the ceremony created little excitement."

And so the dreary piffle goes on from A to Z.

There is a brighter flash of wit in the reference to the purchase of the Grecian—" which at the time of the Conquests was a well-conducted theatre, and is now going to be used for a Booth. Such is conversion! " There is also some passable verse from *Punch*, in imitation of the *Arethusa* sea-song, on the proposal to form a Salvation Navy:

" Come all ye sinners, young and old,
With 'earts once cast in 'eaven's mould,
And join our Ker-istian Navy bold—
On board the *'Allelujah!*

We're bound to floor the forts of Sin,
And the Devil himself will soon cave in,
Then join the side that's sure to win—
On board the *'Allelujah!* "

The relations of the Church of England and The Army were the subject of some satire. At the time when the Lower House of Convocation was petitioning the Upper House to issue some general instruction as to the attitude of the Church of England towards The Army, *Punch* remarked that they, the spiritual peers, " seem to think that there is less of The Army than of the Knavey about these Salvationists." But a few years later *Punch* published a suppositious letter by the Archbishop of Canterbury (then Benson), in which the Archbishop is represented as saying that if the General will send the trumpet and uniform to Lambeth Palace he will at once join the ranks, if only in the capacity of a humble corporal. " You can count on no more boisterous, demonstrative, and indefatigable recruit than, yours sincerely and enthusiastically, E. Cantuar." Later, in response to a supposed invitation from the Archbishop to join the Church of England, General Booth is made to telegraph to his Grace in these rather evasive terms:

"Have heard of a Stall in a cathedral, but have never seen a Booth in a church."

A bit of true humour of a different sort is illustrated by a drawing by Charles Keene entitled "Retrospection." The scene is an "Æsthetic Neighbourhood," and a converted betting man, who now plays first concertina in a Salvation Army band, remarks, "Pooty houses they builds in these subu'bs, Mr. Swaggett." Mr. Swaggett, who is a reformed burglar and a banner-bearer in The Army, makes the inappropriate reply, "Ah, and how 'andy them little bal-co-nies would 'a been in former——" but his reminiscences are cut short by a warning flourish on the concertina and he drops the subject.

Some of the humour is directed against my sister Catherine—the "Fair Booth," as they called her, then in conflict with the Swiss authorities. This doggerel from the *Punch* of 1883 is part of a much longer dithyramb entitled "The March of the Salvationists":

"Hey for our Catherine, blushing so feminine,
Rousing the Swiss to conviction of sin;
Out on their 'beak' who, the tide of grace stemmin', in-
Sisted on brutally running her in!

List to dear Catherine's fervent beseeching,
Even for prefects, policemen, and all;
Poor old St. Paul rated women for preaching,
Catherine knows rather more than St. Paul."

One of the Swiss papers of this period, by the way, had a sketch which was a pointed comment on the action of the authorities. It represented a Salvationist knocked down by some ruffian, and appealing to a policeman, who promptly took him into custody for the crime of being beaten, while his assailant leisurely marched away!

Perhaps it is unconscious humour which I find in the *World* in this period, where a writer, signing himself "Atlas," and bearing, at all events, the south coast on his shoulders, asks plaintively whether nothing can be done with the Salvation Army nuisance. "One of the finest seasons ever known at Worthing has been utterly ruined by the noisy parades, and visitors have been absolutely driven away from the town by the disgraceful rioting. Unless some stringent measures are taken at once," he adds, "the same thing will probably happen at Brighton." The "stringent measures," of course, are to be against The Army, not against the mob. But apparently Brighton was more endangered at this time by the Salvation Army in its streets than it would have been by an enemy navy in the Channel. The various writers show the greatest concern for the unprotected populations of these riotous towns, when so many policemen were withdrawn to march with The Army. They feared that the thieves and burglars would now have their opportunity. It does not appear, however, from the local chronicles, that the thieves and burglars were more than usually active. Perhaps they were unenterprising, or perhaps, again, The Army was converting them!

But there are plenty of examples of more genial humour. An advertisement in a daily newspaper for a young lady assistant for a boot shop, "Salvationist preferred," tickles *Punch*, which pictures the said young lady, in the trying-on room, being seized with a desire to play a concertina or thump a tambourine just at the time when the customers had either taken off their own shoes and so could not leave the premises, or had been put into a pair of tight boots, so that they were unable to move at all!

One New Year there is a belated addition to the Honours List: "General Booth to be Viscount Boomem, to collect subscriptions in the House of Lords." A more modest honour is also suggested for the Founder—to be Knight Commander of the Bath, so that he may be able to deal more effectually with the "submerged tenth." And, of course, it is great fun sometimes to link up the Founder with the other William. In 1890 we have *Punch* representing Gladstone as cogitating whether, if he offered General Booth a place in his Cabinet, the General would order his Army to vote solid for Home Rule. Still more riotous fun is made of the so-called "Capture of Hawarden," although the skit appeared in *Punch* not long before the great statesman's death, and when the fires of controversy had died down. It is pretended to be an excerpt from the *War Cry*, and it follows the interview which the Founder had with the "Grand Old Man" in 1897, of which some account is given in "Echoes and Memories." The General, it is said, approached Hawarden Castle single-handed, and, after a short but brilliant attack, forced the garrison to capitulate.

> "But how complete the victory was, comparatively few have realized. Not a single newspaper, so far as we are aware, has taken any notice of the fact that, before the General left the field, *Mr. Gladstone was gazetted corporal.* Since then all has been activity at Hawarden. The Castle has been turned into barracks, and the library into a doss-house. The corporal is indefatigable. He is already known as 'Hot and Strong William.' He is saving souls by the thousand, and recruits are pouring in so fast that twenty orderlies are busy

night and day taking down their names. On Sunday last a grand parade was held on the lawn, when the corporal for the first time wore his uniform. It would be madness to attempt to describe the enthusiasm of the meeting. Never was such singing heard as when the corporal led off The Army, marching backwards and beating time with both hands. But the climax was reached when the hymn was ended, and the corporal called a halt. 'Attention!' he cried, in his well-known silvery voice, which rang clear and distinct to the uttermost rank of that huge armament. 'Now then, are you ready? Prepare to receive salvation!' In an instant the air was darkened with caps and bonnets. Thirty thousand voices cheered; thirty thousand Hallelujahs rent the welkin. In a scene of unparalleled excitement 'Hot and Strong William' laid on the sulphur and the brimstone. Every soul was saved. Satan has no chance against the corporal. The Hawarden campaign is simply a series of brilliant victories."

If the "eccentricities" were useful to humorous writers, what splendid material for the pencil was the Founder's head and profile. It was one of the few unforgettable faces of the last generation, and some of the caricatures, in spite of, or because of, their exaggerative touch, are truer to life than the customary portraits.

The Salvation Army has survived laughter as it has survived more vicious assaults, and, to put the old proverb in its oldest setting, "Better the last smile than the first laughter."

CHAPTER XXIII

FIGHTING FOR "FATED MEN"

IN dealing with men and women of every sort and condition we have learned how true it is that misfortune almost always brings a retinue. In some lives misfortunes seem to be so repeated as to suggest a malign fate dogging the sufferer's steps, though when an officer was asked, "Do you believe in people being *fated?*" he gave the right answer when he said, "Even so, Jesus Christ came into the world that these very people should no longer be *fettered*."

This man, "N" I shall call him, came to us from prison. He was strong and alert, mentally and physically vigorous. His story, had we not verified its material points, would have seemed even to us incredible. He was an Oxford man, and left the University full of promise, his tastes prompting him to a literary career. He was happy in contemplating marriage with a charming girl. The first tragedy came when she was drowned through the upsetting of a boat in a sudden squall on a Swiss lake.

After a year or two he became attached to a woman of some distinction. Following an engagement lasting for some time, she was returning from the East for their marriage, when, on arrival at the port of disembarkation, she was found dead in her cabin with her throat cut.

Some years later, though naturally with considerable

misgivings, "N" entered upon a third engagement. This also ended tragically. Just on the eve of the marriage, while the lady was dressing for dinner and using the curling tongs, she upset a spirit lamp and received fatal burns.

These dreadful experiences had a very distressing effect upon "N," and one could feel no surprise that it should be so. He gave up all thought of marriage and went to live with relatives, persevering in his literary work, not without encouragement. But new troubles assailed him.

His brother wished to raise money for the education of his boys, and sent "N" to inquire on his behalf as to the value of a piece of old silver. "N" took the plate to a large and reputable firm of jewellers, and was asked to wait. Presently a police officer appeared, and "N" was informed that the plate was stolen property. He protested that it had been in his family for many years, but to no avail. The jewellers insisted that only one piece of this character was in existence, that it had been stolen, and there it was, and he must consider himself detained. In his extremity, and having the usual horror of police-court proceedings, he was persuaded—his brother and sister-in-law being in the country—to put the case in the hands of a solicitor with a view to its being hushed up. The solicitor happened to be a disreputable member of the profession, and on condition that a payment of £75 was made to him, he undertook that the case should not be reported in the newspapers. "N" was convicted, but the case was dealt with under the First Offenders' Act, and there was no penalty. "N" again settled down to work, hoping that the accumulated misfortunes of his life had now been sufficient to satisfy the greediest fate.

But a worse misfortune was in store. In the course

of his literary work he required from time to time to make research at a library in the West of London. One day, after some hours' reading, he went out for lunch, intending to return. Just after he had left the building, one of the attendants overtook him, saying that he was taking away one of the books belonging to the library. He was thunderstruck, but, sure enough, in his pocket was the small volume he had been consulting! Inadvertently he had brought it away with him. He returned to the library to explain matters, but he was informed that so many books had been lost recently that it was intended to prosecute all persons against whom there was reasonable suspicion. The case went to court, where, of course, the former " conviction " came out and told against him, and though he received a merciful sentence, it was sufficient to plunge him into utter despair.

From that experience he came to us. The cup of his misfortune was not yet full, for he had lost two important manuscripts, the work of some years. They had been entrusted to publishers who had undertaken to produce them, but in both cases fires occurred upon the publishers' premises, and his manuscripts were destroyed. The compensation he obtained was trivial, and he had to face life again—with the stigma of two convictions.

We were happy to help him. Employment was found for him immediately. He proved himself a trustworthy and competent man, his faith in God was restored, and he began again to look up. Presently we were able to make known the circumstances of his case in a certain quarter and had the satisfaction of obtaining for him suitable and congenial employment in one of the oversea countries, where he has done well. After a time of trial he made a happy marriage and was enabled at last to set up a home of his own.

In that case the entail of misfortune appeared at length to have been broken, but in the case now recorded it pursued the man to his grave. It cannot be said of this second man, however, as it can of the first, that he was free of conscious wrongdoing—far from it—but the story has its very moving aspects, and it concerns one whose name for a time was on everybody's lips throughout a large part of the Western world.

Some thirty years ago the United Kingdom was shocked by a financial catastrophe, involving thousands in ruin, many of whom lost the hard-won savings of a life-time. It came suddenly to light that certain individuals, men of apparent integrity, had abused their trust. The principal scoundrel of the piece, in the minds of the people, was a man who had taken a very prominent position in public life. He was a builder, and although many of the hotels and mansions of London would not now be proud to own his name, he had much to do with their beginnings. He took an active part also in the affairs of a large London suburb, and became its first Mayor. For a short time he was a Member of Parliament for Tamworth, and later sat in the House for three or four years as Member for Burnley.

Like the master-builder of a famous book, however, he was dizzied by his projects. They called for a vast amount of money to carry through, and presently the suspicion arose that the funds which he was using to finance them were not his own, but money wrongfully used. The law at length was set in motion, but before it could seize him he was a fugitive to South America, where, owing to extradition difficulties, he was advised he would be safe.

Jabez Balfour—for that was the name of this brilliant financial genius and politician for whose condign punish-

ment an indignant public opinion was now resolutely calling—found the arm of the law was too long for him. He was brought back to face his judges, and after a long-drawn trial he was sentenced to two terms, each of seven years' imprisonment, to run consecutively.

It should be said that after the prison doors had closed upon him, and passions had cooled down, it came to be whispered that when his affairs were gone into by a firm of auditors of unimpeachable character, the assets in his favour were so many that had the prosecution been delayed but for six months longer, he would have been able to pay back every pound that was owing. However that may have been, there was now no hope in this world of the recovery of his former position. Was there hope of any position at all?

The day came when this man, a crushed and lonely figure, left Parkhurst Prison to face a pitiless world. He went up to London, and out into streets familiar to him, where, indeed, he had once been a sort of prince, and was ashamed to utter his own name, afraid of recognition, feeling himself a wanderer, an outcast, a mere shadow of a man. He had to face the problem of earning bread to eat. He could not dig, to beg he was ashamed. He applied to us and was placed in the hands of Colonel, now Lieut.-Commissioner Unsworth, with instructions to do all that could be done for him, and I think the rest of the story had better be told, as near as may be, in the Commissioner's words.

"Sitting in my office in Queen Victoria Street one morning, I was rung up and asked if I would interview Mr. Jabez Balfour, who had applied to The Army for help. I replied: 'Send him along and I will do all I can for him.' In a few minutes there came in at the door a man very unlike the one I had pictured. But at the

sight of the man as he was, pity rose up in my heart. He was a short man, his hair, which had been brown, was now grey and scanty, his brow was high, his nose and chin not prominent, but the eyes still flashed with occasional fire. His clothes hung loosely on his shrunken frame. His manner was respectful and dignified, not cringing. He preferred not to talk, certainly not about what he had gone through in prison, and he made no mention of events before that.

"What could be done? I discovered that his writing was exceptionally neat. There came into my mind a gentleman whom I knew in the city, a man who had large undertakings, not only at home but abroad, and a man of kindly disposition to whom I had appealed previously for help in other cases, not without success. I asked Mr. Balfour to come again after I had made inquiries. He was leaving me with a bow, but I rose and gave him my hand. Then I saw a change come over his face, a new light in his eyes, a new man looking through the windows to the rising sun of hope.

"I hastened to my friend. 'What can I do for you?' was his first jovial word. When I told him, his remark was, 'Fancy Jabez Balfour! Jabez Balfour come to life again!' Out of his love for The Army, and especially for the old General and for Mrs. Bramwell Booth, he promised to do what he could. He had, in some place in India, away up in the hills, a financial interest in a silver mine, and he wanted to house the workmen. Balfour's knowledge and experience of housing would be valuable.

"Next morning the poor suppliant came to my office again. I gave him a few words of cheer, and took him to my friend. He soon entered into the business. The two men so differently circumstanced, the prosperous city

magnate and the ex-convict, talked over the matter as experts. Terms were arranged, a salary was fixed, a berth taken on an early boat for India. As he went away I saw a tear in Balfour's eye, and he grasped my hand and said, ' To think that I should be trusted again ! '

" So Balfour made his way to the hills of India, and soon was at work with something of his old ability. But alas ! his fate was stealing behind him. The manager of the works had to be informed that this was the notorious Jabez Balfour. Aghast at the news, and at the thought that the little society around him might be degraded by such a man in its midst, he cabled to London that unless Balfour was removed his resignation would have to be accepted, and the resignation of others of his staff. There was nothing to be done. The poor hunted outcast had to leave everything and return.

" Never shall I forget the despair that was on his face when he again stood before me. He cried, ' I am forsaken of God and man. My punishment is greater than I can bear.' My own feelings were such that I could scarcely frame words to answer him. I suggested that I should offer prayer, to which he agreed, and we cried to God. Then I rang up my friend on the telephone and asked for another interview. He was wrathful with the police for tracking Balfour, but he announced that he had in mind another scheme which might be of assistance. He had just purchased a Welsh colliery which he was intending to develop. He needed houses building and possibly Balfour was the man. Arrangements were soon made.

" The tears flowed down Balfour's cheeks as he thanked me, but he was joyful at heart. We had prayer —and Balfour prayed—prayed for himself. Then came the hurry of departure. Off he went with his little bag

and well-worn rug. The kindly guard inquired his destination, and said that he would wake him when the station was reached. Happy and hopeful, he rested his head in his hands and tried to sleep.

"And it was the long sleep. When the guard came to wake him Jabez Balfour was dead."

CHAPTER XXIV

ARMY MUSIC AND SONG

ALTHOUGH my father had little or no musical training, he loved music, and he had a perfect sense of rhythm, which is the first element in musical appreciation. He had also a wonderful memory for tunes. When he was preparing the Song Book of The Army he would ask his helper to sing the air while he himself sang the rolling bass, and then he would conjure back a tune which he remembered being sung in his boyhood thirty or forty years before.

Army music owes much to the Founder. It owes much also to the group of gifted men in whom the spirit of song was a native endowment, but it was the Founder who foresaw the value of Army music and determined to stamp such music with the vital and jubilant note of Salvationism.

The brass bands, which have been for fifty years a popular feature of Army work, were not the first instance of musical development in The Army. There was a great deal of music before the brass bands appeared, especially a great deal of solo singing, which was first introduced amongst us by a very gifted man named Dowdle. From the first we took any person with anything like a voice and used him or her to sing to audiences what we could not get the audiences to sing themselves.

The brass band, so far as the Salvation Army is concerned, began its history in the West of England.

In Salisbury, in the late 'seventies, a Wesleyan local preacher, Mr. Charles Fry, who was an excellent cornet player in the local volunteer band, and had trained his three sons to play brass instruments, threw in his lot, as also did his family, with The Army. Up to that time, while the banjo or a concertina might have been heard here and there, there was no organized or uniform music. The first use of the band at Salisbury was to quiet unruly mobs who, at open-air meetings, would not hear the speakers, but were strangely subdued by instrumental music and were more ready afterwards to give the speakers a hearing.

The Founder heard of these doings and wanted more particulars. It had already been brought home to him that the penetrating melodies which his people delighted to sing called for a special kind of accompaniment. The Frys were brought to London, where they formed the first evangelistic band at Headquarters, and not only helped the Founder at his special meetings, but went on visits to various parts of the country, always winning great favour. Wherever they went the desire to have a band locally was stimulated. In the different corps the people began to search out any musical talent in their midst and to purchase instruments, often from a pawnbroker or second-hand dealer. These instruments were often so defective that sometimes they had to be tied up with string or rubbed over with soap to stop leakages! But by 1882 the bands had become an established Army feature, and several of them by this time were of real importance from the musical standpoint.

Among the men who stand out prominently as makers of Army music I must put in the first position my

brother, Herbert Booth. He, a natural musician, most sensitive to some of the finest aspects of harmony, first originated that kind of music which I may call peculiarly ours. It is right that he should have special recognition for the great work he did. He was the creator of melodies which are now known throughout the world, both within and outside The Army. Words or tunes of his composition are used in a large proportion of our services. His melodies stand unrivalled in their suitability to Army meetings, and they have earned undying popularity. They do not fade, as do some others, and they are as vital to-day in the life of The Army as they were on their first appearance.

After this brotherly tribute, let me return to the history of the bands. Among the earliest were those of Consett, which started with four instruments in 1879; Northwich with fourteen instruments in 1880; and Carlisle and South Shields in 1881. The first London Band was the one at Whitechapel, formed in 1880. But the band movement really started in the provinces, and was of slower growth in London, though we have the Regent Hall, Chalk Farm, Congress Hall and Hackney Bands dating from 1882. As a rule, the bands were started through individual effort, generally owing to the ability of one man in the corps to play a cornet or some other brass instrument. The bandsmen were never paid for their services. Some of them in the early days, though on fire with zeal and love, were extremely uneducated. In the first South Shields Band, for instance, some of the men were not able to read or write. They had been taught music by a professional man who was sympathetic to The Army. Consequently, while they could read their musical score, they could not read the titles to the pieces, and they had to resort to pictures for their titles.

The song "Out on the ocean sailing," for example, would have a boat as the headpiece. "The Jews, they crucified Him," would have the figure of a man with a characteristically Jewish face carrying his pack; and "Oh, to be over yonder" was represented by a chair on one side and a "weary Willie" groping his way to it on the other! Some of the bands started without even a knowledge of music on the part of the bandsmen. The instruments were obtained at a time when none of the men could play, except perhaps the leader. The men would hold a prayer meeting and ask God to help them, then each would take to handling and blowing an instrument, and presently out they would sally, while the people who heard them must have imagined that this was a brass band gone out of its mind. But they persevered, practising night after night until they got the right pace.

Early in the history of this movement the choice of the music to be played presented a problem. The various bands were accustomed to buy their music from outside publishers. They would get hold of Sankey's tunes, which were arranged for brass instruments, or they would appropriate secular marches. When the bands were brought together on occasions they had different arrangements for common tunes, and so the effect of massing—later on such a great feature of Army musical festivals—was not possible. The Founder awakened to the fact that if bands were to be of real service they must be uniform in the music they played. The idea of a Musical Publishing Department occurred to him, and this took shape in the autumn of 1883. The old Band Book of eighty-eight tunes was the beginning of The Army's published music, and its success was such that the Founder, shortly after its publication, issued an

order that henceforth Army bands should use only music which had been published by The Army. This led to some breakaway, because a number of men had got attached to the old arrangements and the old tunes. The Founder, however, was completely justified in the action he took. It was not for its own sake that he wanted the finest music he could obtain; he wanted music which would have the martial and jubilant character of the Salvation Army spirit and would carry its own message. He wanted the music to be the Salvation Army itself worked out in melody.

At first the bands were used only to aid the singing, but as they developed in technical skill they were asked occasionally to play a tune without singing. The band, of course, had the advantage over the voice in crowded thoroughfares that it could compete against the noise of the traffic. If, then, a band was called upon to play other than as an accompaniment, why not allow it to reach its own level of excellence—the soprano or bass, for example, to play a melody of its own? Thus the scope of the bands was enlarged, they played a piece before the meeting, or on the march, or at the open-air, though care was always taken, and is still taken, not to let the band usurp the proceedings.

The unquestionable genius of the Founder, not only in introducing band music, but in insisting on its Salvationist character, stimulated the capacity of our people. The creative power in music which the Salvation Army has evoked is one of the most striking things in its history. Our best music is the creation of Salvationists, both in matter and arrangement. We have produced between six and seven thousand original songs with music, and our marches and selections are bordering upon the thousandth issue of the *Band Journal*.

The Salvation Army has gained a good deal of popular interest on account of its facility for adapting to its own purposes, secular tunes and jingles. The remark has been attributed to William Booth, " Why should the Devil have all the good tunes? " Some of the stories of supposed Army adaptations, however, are apocryphal. I have before me at the moment some lines which were sent by Sir Hiram Maxim in 1911 to the *Literary Guide* as having been received from a Boston solicitor who had stated that a member of the St. Botolph Club in the Massachusetts city had just brought this song over from London as a Salvation Army song which he had heard rendered with tambourine and drum accompaniment. The chorus is as follows:

" The bells of hell go ding-a-ling-a-ling
For you, but not for me;
On high the angels sing-a-ling-a-ling,
That's where I'm going to be.
Oh, death, where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling,
Oh, grave, thy victory?
No ding-a-ling-a-ling, no sting-a-ling-a-ling,
But sing-a-ling-a-ling for me."

This is a parody of an Army song!

Perhaps I may mention a few of the other men whose names stand out in the early records of Army music. To my brother Herbert I have already paid tribute. I have also mentioned Charles Fry, who was a poet as well as a musician, not, however, a creator of melody, but a performer and a trainer of bandsmen. Some of his earliest songs also are among the living treasures of Salvation Army music. His son, F. W. Fry, also showed excellence in original music, and from the theoretical point of view he had a better musical equipment than his father.

Then I must mention Colonel Richard Slater, who came into the movement in 1882. Slater had had a musical training as a youth. He was in early manhood a disciple of Bradlaugh, but one day, out of curiosity, he attended an Army meeting at Hampstead, and his eyes were there opened to his spiritual and moral needs. The Founder's attention was directed to Slater during a visit to Regent Hall. Slater was introduced to my brother Herbert, who was writing melodies and songs at that time, and he was soon given a place on the Headquarters musical staff, and presently became responsible for the technical side of the Musical Publishing Department. His own songs number between five and six hundred, and he has written between four and five hundred band pieces.

Another important figure in Army music is Commissioner Oliphant, who gave up the position of clergyman at a fashionable West London Church for officership in The Army. He has not written many songs, but one of the number entitled "Thou art enough for me" conjures up a pathetic incident. Oliphant at that time was a sick man, with lung trouble, and the doctors had declared that he could not live more than a few months. He had just come, full of enthusiasm, into The Army, and he thought it a cruel thing that when this great door of service was opening to him his life should be cut short. But one day he sent for a colleague and drew out from under the bedclothes some crumpled sheets of paper. They contained this song, and the tenor of it was that God's Will was to be done alike in dying as in living. His colleague took the sheets from the hand, as he thought, of a dying man, and obtained a melody, but Oliphant's life, happily, was prolonged, he got over the trouble, and has put in thirty years of service since

then. It seemed as though he had been taken into the valley in order that he might write that song.

Similar in some ways was the case of Marshall, another man who stands out prominently in the history of Army music, not as a writer of songs, but of original marches, and an excellent scorer for brass bands. This man was a miner in South Shields, whose spine had been injured by a fall in the workings, and for months he had been in hospital, where the doctors considered his case hopeless. He offered himself to God, with every faculty he possessed, if his life were spared. Two years passed by without any signs of physical improvement, but presently he began to feel a capacity for movement in his lower limbs, and his strength was renewed. In the meantime a helper was wanted in the Musical Department to assist in scoring, for which post Marshall was the obvious man. He always believed that he had been made a cripple in order that he might become one of the first of our writers of band music.

The old-time scoffing at the quality of Army music is to-day a thing of the past. Army music, apart from its first and supreme purpose, of bringing men and women to God, has enriched the musical life of the common people of this country and of many other lands. Mr. Bernard Shaw, who is still a musical critic, even before he is a critic of life and manners, sat with one of our officers at a Salvation Army Band Festival and remarked to him, "I dined with Richard Strauss and Sir Edward Elgar only a few days ago. What would they have given to have been present at such an event as this!" We asked Mr. Bernard Shaw to go to one of our festivals as a professional critic. He did go, and wrote us a critique, for which we paid him a fee, which he promptly handed back. Some of the remarks in his

criticism are very good indeed. He began by saying that it was sixteen or seventeen years since he had first heard the Salvationist Musical Festival at the Clapton Congress Hall. He had then retired from regular practice as a professional critic of musical performances; but an ignorant disparagement of The Army bands by some journalist provoked him to write a letter to the Press in their defence as an act of justice. This letter came under the notice of the Founder, and the upshot was that he was invited to attend the next festival and to say what he thought of the bands as a disinterested technical critic, which he did. He had supposed this to be forgotten until, some sixteen years later, he was asked if he would care to pay the festival another visit and report progress. He could not refuse, and therefore he went off to Clapton " to hear what changes had occurred, for better or worse, in the course of the years which had elapsed since I astonished London by making the heroine of one of my biggest plays (Major Barbara) a Major in the Salvation Army, and substituted for the conventional theatrical love scene in a drawing-room a conversion scene in the yard of a Salvation barrack. I may add that when several of my old plays were revived last year, Major Barbara proved to be the most alive of them all." Mr. Bernard Shaw gave us some lively and invaluable technical criticism which it would be out of place to quote here, but he said that " As of old, I found the first effect of the massed bands tremendous. When you have a band in which forty trombones (there may have been more, but I counted forty) make only an item, all playing with a fervent enthusiasm that professional players can never supply to order for their guineas, you have to hold on to your chair to avoid being carried away." He added that if only Strauss and Elgar had

been present he believed they would have been so boundlessly delighted that they would have then and there promised to compose an opening piece for the next festival.

Other great musical leaders who have shown their interest in The Army bands have been Colonel Mackenzie Rogan, late bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir Hugh Allen, Dr. Henry Coward, Sir Dan Godfrey and Mr. William Rimmer, one of the foremost men in the prize band world. These names represent both the academic and the popular side of music. It is evident, therefore, that The Army in this development has not floundered on its way. The secret, perhaps, is that the people of The Army have had something to sing about, that the singing and music were not something pushed into them, but the natural expression of their joy. And what has been done in this country has been a guide and inspiration to The Army elsewhere. It is not too much to say that The Army has sung itself round the world.

CHAPTER XXV

"MORE THINGS IN HEAVEN AND EARTH"

IN the work of the Salvation Army many quite remarkable incidents can be recorded, and I have sometimes wondered whether it might not be of service to write an account of some such happenings. Here is one story in which I had a share, the sort of story that one rarely meets with more than once in a lifetime.

One of my privileges in the early days of our work in the East End of London was to accompany the Founder in his visitation, when he saw to the care of our people, established the converts, and looked up backsliders and others whom he wished to help. We had noticed at our meetings in the Whitechapel Hall at this period—the early 'seventies—a middle-aged man, looking like a fairly successful and well-conducted workman, and his daughter, a serious and attractive girl of perhaps eighteen. There seemed to be a specially confidential and affectionate relationship between the two. After some little time the daughter came under deep conviction of sin, and at the penitent form gave herself to Christ in the most definite manner. At once she became a changed girl. the sombre, even gloomy, expression of the past gave place to a joy and brightness there was no mistaking. Soon she was taken in hand by the elder women and began to work in a quiet way, especially among girls of her own age.

After a short while the Founder discovered her name on his list for visitation. Although by this time the head of a growing organization, he was as careful in these duties as any of his officers. I happened to be with him on the occasion of his visit to the small house in one of the streets off the Mile End Road where this couple lived. The little place showed signs of comfort as well as of womanly taste and care. The Founder was pleased with the girl's testimony, but he found the father silent, even perhaps a little sullen. In my youthful enthusiasm I was full of hope for him, and as the months went on I felt a deep interest and concern on his behalf. There was something serious and challenging about him, something very compelling in the tender anxiety which his daughter manifestly felt for him.

After a time, when I was again out visiting with my father, this couple were once more on his list for the day. When we arrived, however, we found the house closed. It was in the late afternoon, when they were usually preparing tea, and we were puzzled by their absence. We succeeded in attracting the attention of the next-door neighbours, and a woman put her head out of the first-floor window inquiring what we wanted. She was obviously unfriendly to the "Hallelujahs," as our people were called, and would volunteer no information. At length, however, on the Founder promising not to disclose the source of any news she could give him, she came downstairs, opened her front door, and in a rather dramatic way said, "Well, if you was to ask me where they are"—her voice descended to a loud whisper—"I should say they was gone to the river!"

In a flash my father guessed the trouble. We turned to a policeman, who told us of the nearest point at which we should find the river. We started at full speed for

the Minories. It was growing towards the dark of the evening when we reached a certain narrow turning out of the main street, where there was then a passage or alley leading to a small flight of steps down to the Thames. Before we had proceeded far along this solitary lane we could hear the voice of the daughter pleading with her father, and we soon found her, almost exhausted, struggling with him, literally holding him back from the dark and cruel waters. How thankful I felt that we had come to the right place!

Can I ever forget what followed? The dear General was kneeling with one arm around the unhappy man and with the other holding on to the stone parapet just above, the girl also was on her knees on the other side of her father, between him and the river, while I was busied trying in the dim and flickering light from a gas-lamp at the top of the steps to make a surer footing for us all on the greasy stones should the struggle be renewed. The General prayed most wonderfully. Amid the gloom and darkness, with the restless and greedy waters around, and the sinister murmur of the river in our ears, a devil was at last cast out, and a troubled soul found safety and rest. Both father and daughter lived and witnessed for God for some time after this adventure—an adventure of which, I think, no one knew except the four of us, and the God of mercy who was with us.

Another story of riverside London comes to my mind, and this also had a happy ending. In a thoroughfare of Limehouse known as Salmon's Lane, there was, at the time when The Army began its work in that locality, a prosperous fish-shop, the proprietor of which, whom I will call Saxton (not his true name), was a wild and dissolute man, reckless, worldly, self-indulgent, pleasure-loving. Salmon's Lane was then a notorious thorough-

fare, a resort of the roughest kind of people, and a place for all sorts of street-trading, as well as gambling and drinking, especially on a Sunday morning. All the shops would be open, costermongers' barrows would block the roadway, hawkers, beggars, ballad-singers would pursue their respective callings, and by eleven or so the street would be in a perfect uproar, occasionally intensified by a dog-fight or a pugilistic encounter.

Into this same street marched a little group of our mission people every Sunday. There they sang, and prayed, and testified to the mercy of God, and, if the truth be told, added not a little to the general commotion. Among them was a dwarf, known locally as the "Midget," a poor deformed creature who had formerly been an "actor" at the penny gaff—a low theatrical affair—opposite Limehouse churchyard. The "Midget" had been a vile creature, leading boys and youths who frequented the "gaff" into all sorts of vicious ways. He had as his sleeping-place a kind of den under the "stage," so that he was ever at hand for any wickedness that might come along, day or night. He was a great drinker, and as he was generally able to enliven any company in which he found himself, the public-houses of the locality made him welcome.

The Founder took possession of the "gaff" for Army use, and the "Midget" lost his occupation and celebrated the event by carrying out almost every conceivable kind of mischief at our meetings. His oddity of appearance and his amazing ability in mimicry made his interruptions very trying and very difficult to deal with, especially in the open air. But a miracle was wrought, and this little fellow became altogether changed. The diminutive Saul of Limehouse became the oddest of little apostles.

When the "Midget" came into Salmon's Lane, no

longer to annoy the mission folk but to testify as one of them, he drew upon himself abuse of all kinds from the publicans and their miserable dupes. They seemed to feel that insult was added to injury when this poor fellow, for whom they had drawn so much good liquor, not only abandoned his former ways, but came forth to tell, on their very doorsteps and to their best customers, the story of a new life. Occasionally on Sundays something very like a riot occurred. Horseplay developed into stone-throwing and aggressive violence of all kinds. The garbage of the streets was thrown at the missioners, making havoc of their clothes, until at last the police threatened to take proceedings—against *us*, of course!—unless we stopped the meetings. This we had no intention of doing, and we " moved on," so that on some Sundays the service became a sort of " movie," though not of the modern kind. And marching slowly up and down the thoroughfare, hustled and stoned, our people made not a few converts who did brave work for God.

Among those who had noticed the hostility of the crowd to the preachers was the fishmonger whom I have already mentioned. On Sunday mornings he did a roaring trade, and outside his shop our processionists would stand for a few moments and speak to his customers, while he, busy at his slab, heard and saw much that went on. The " Midget " particularly interested him; he had no doubt known him in the days of the " gaff," and was aware of the bad character he had borne, and the misery in which he lived. To see the " Midget," still contemptible in appearance but very lucid and definite in his story of a changed life, was evidently to the fishmonger an impressive thing. Sometimes the " Midget " would sing a kind of amateur solo. Though his voice was neither strong nor harmonious, there was something in

it which made his words of more than passing interest. One song in particular entered the fishmonger's soul:

> "Your gold will waste and wear away,
> Your pleasures perish in a day,
> My portion never will decay,
> Christ for me."

The disturbances became more violent, the "Midget" being the special target for the attacks of the roughs. Every evil word was hurled against him. The nastiest filth and the largest stones were reserved for him. In all this he was patient and silent. The most he attempted in the way of self-defence was to wear a thick overcoat made of some hemp material which seemed to have a softening effect on the stones and was not greatly affected by the slush! One Sunday morning he was thrown down and rolled over and over in the mud, coming to a stop, as it happened, opposite the fishmonger's shop. Seeing the plight of the poor fellow, the fishmonger stepped out into the roadway, checked the rabble, raised the poor little victim on to his feet, and led him, to the bewilderment of friend and foe alike, into the room behind his open shop. There he left him while he went to overlook the putting up of the shutters, and sent him in some food. What took place when he returned to receive thanks for this unexpected kindness I do not know, but it made no little sensation in Limehouse when it was known that this poor, despised creature had led the proud and wicked tradesman to Christ. On the following Sunday morning the fish-shop alone in all the street was closed, and in the procession was the fishmonger, wearing his best clothes. Standing in front of his own shop he told the story of his repentance and forgiveness to the astonished crowd.

The rowdyism grew more violent, again the police interfered, threatening to close the street to any sort of demonstration, and we were in a quandary. Then a new thing happened. The fishmonger made certain alterations to his premises, so that his long slab could be removed at pleasure, and he was thus able to throw his open shop into immediate contact with the pavement. This formed a protected stand for the speakers, and nothing could prevent people standing before it to hear their words. Many fish were caught in that shop on Sunday mornings, of a different kind from those which were sold there during the week! Soon afterwards one or two other tradesmen closed on Sunday, and "the lane" became quite a centre of Army life and history in that district.

And there was a sequel. The fishmonger took care of the "Midget"; and by a strange constraint of affection set to work to realize the desolate little fellow's one earthly desire, to find his long-lost mother. They had both been wanderers, the mother in some travelling country fair, and the dwarf towards the great city. From the first hours of his salvation he had sought to find her, but without avail. After a time, through the efforts of the fishmonger and other Army friends, she was discovered, in great loneliness and misery, and from that hour the "Midget" seemed a different man, more responsible, more dignified, more capable of work. He was anxious, above all things, to provide for his mother. At first the fishmonger employed him in odd work about his own business, and afterwards set him up for himself, and made him an allowance which, with his earnings, kept both him and his mother in fairly comfortable conditions. The mother, hard, vicious, and at first unresponsive, was at length softened by the love and

tenderness of her son, and died in peace. Presently he also, having fought a good fight, finished his course and received his crown.

Perhaps another story may be included in this narrative. The circumstances came to my knowledge many years ago. It concerns a lad of eighteen, whom I will call Bob, his sister Milly, and another young fellow, all of them mill-hands in a provincial town. They were accustomed to go to Army meetings, enjoying the happiness manifested there, but the source of that happiness they themselves had not discovered. The lads were good, steady fellows, and Milly was a bright, affectionate girl who kept house for her brother.

One Saturday evening, outside the town where they lived, there occurred a terrible railway accident in which many people were killed and many more were injured. The two lads, who were walking about the town, were asked by a policeman if they would go and help the railwaymen who were trying to get the injured out of the wreck, and the girl insisted on accompanying them.

It was a dreadful sight which met their young eyes. The train was a complete wreck. The engine lay on its side, the escaping steam adding to the general confusion and turmoil. The groans of the injured could never be forgotten afterwards by those who heard them. Some of the injured were pleading that they might be killed to escape further agony. Men were working with crowbars to free the imprisoned passengers. Doctors, and nurses, and hospital men were moving purposefully about. These two young fellows set to work and one or two of the injured whom they tried to help asked if someone would pray with them. Then it was that Bob and his friend felt their great lack; if only they themselves had been saved men how they could have risen

to an emergency such as this! The sister, however, did pray with a woman who was pinned between the seats of a compartment. A strange sight it was, great flares lighting up the scene, the smashed carriage, the mighty labours of the railwaymen, the frightened passengers, the poor, weeping, dying woman, and this little bit of a mill girl trying in her uninstructed fashion to pray, and evidently praying for her own soul as well.

About midnight Bob sent his sister home in one of the trains taking wounded, and he and his friend worked on. It began to rain, and while this helped to stop the fires, it added to the misery of the injured and suffering. As many as possible were covered with tarpaulins and rugs out of the carriages. About two in the morning Milly surprised them by returning with the Salvation Army captain, bringing coffee and sandwiches which were given to the wounded. Towards five o'clock it seemed that nothing more could be done, and the stationmaster sent them home.

The youth who told me the story said that he would never forget the walk from the station that early Sunday morning. His friend thanked his sister for her prayers, and asked her if she would pray for him as she had prayed for that dying woman. At first Milly could not speak, but when she got in the house she put her arms round her brother's neck and said, " Bob, I am not saved myself—how can I help Alec? "

Next day in the dinner hour the captain called and said he hoped they would all come to the evening meeting. They did so, and that night they all three gave their hearts to God. Bob is now a Salvation Army officer of many years' experience—his sister, too; she, indeed, preceded him to the Training Garrison. He said to me, " I have had wonderful happenings, and great blessings

have come into my life and to others through my work for God, but it was then, in the dark night, amid those suffering and dying victims of that railway smash, before I myself was saved, that God called me to His service, and to be an officer in the Salvation Army."

It is not only in novels that they "live happily ever after." The Army knows quite a lot about that.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE NOBLE ARMY OF HELPERS

WHEN I think of those who have helped me there comes trooping up such a multitude that I have to abandon any attempt to single out individuals, and simply take them in companies, battalions or regiments. By this noble army of helpers I mean, not simply those who have toiled and fought at my side, but those who, often unconsciously to themselves, and in many different directions, have given me inspiration, stimulus and hope; have confirmed my faith and added to my expectation, and have sometimes rebuked me, challenged me, and drawn me out.

First of all there come in no ordered procession a company of shining-faced ones, whom I call the ENTHUSIASTS. A number of them have peeped already out of these pages. I thank God for the enthusiasts who have fought under our flag. My definition of enthusiasm is love on fire. Without it and all that it means of keenness, zeal and holy passion, a man or woman cannot be a Salvationist of the highest order. It is something over and above cleverness, eloquence, thoughtfulness, or capacity for leadership. It may exist with all or any of these, but I know very well it can exist without them. Enthusiasts are very often not at all clever or particularly thoughtful people; they are sometimes crude in their speech and blundering in

their doings; but they have the heart of the matter in them.

I am not thinking of the mere external manifestations of enthusiasm, physical energy, noisy exuberance, the shouting of "Hallelujahs!" Those may be the uprushings and explosions, but the true enthusiasm is a subterranean fire which, in a volcano, does not issue at every point. It is the inward thing which matters. It is the divine energy which propels. It is this fire within which gives a man daring, resource and endurance.

As I have said, these enthusiasts are often bungling folk. In the history of The Army they have sometimes made things very awkward for us. There has been much clearing up to do after them. They have often been imprudent. But the uncouthness of the lamp should not make us shut our eyes to its light. I have not always wanted to imitate the enthusiasts. I could not always have done so. Their extravagances have been peculiar to themselves. Very often they would not have borne repetition by other people. But they have enlarged my conception of the power of God over human nature. They have shown me new ways in which He does things. They taught us not to snub men because they are odd or extravagant. We know full well that God speaks through such.

Then behind the enthusiasts there comes another company, more decorous, more placid, more contemplative. I name them—meaning no offence—the PIETISTS. They are people whose religion is more inward. They are the sons and daughters of Mary of Bethany. Their delight is to sit at the feet of Christ, to wait on Him, to listen to Him. And they continue to sit there, even though, as it seems to others of us, the time has come for them to be up and doing. I own that I have some-

times felt impatient with them. But they have helped me. They have helped me in this way, that they have shown me how goodness can triumph by virtue of its own inherent qualities rather than by virtue of its outward activities.

Perhaps these people may have helped me more than they help others. They have supplied the necessary corrective to one who, all his life, has stood for action. "Do something," I have always said; "better act mistakenly than not at all." "By hard work shall the Kingdom come." They have shown me that it is also true that faith in God and silent union with His Will are essential to victory. They have shown me that in addition to the highway for the big traffic, there is a by-way, and that the by-way has its great doings also —the by-way where there is only room for two to walk side by side. These people have shown me that activity is not everything, that effective service is not in terms of many hours of labour and crowded diaries of engagements, that God honours this other type of service too.

Of course, these helpers, like the first, are not perfect. Their testimony is only partial. It is a broken light they shed. Many of them are narrow; many of them exhibit the disadvantages of introspection when not combined in the proper degree with action. But all the same they have helped me. They have reminded me that only the victory by faith is worth while. They have shown me that "getting on" is less than nothing unless it is God that gets us on. They have recalled me to the inward verities. I look for these people in their back seats in our citadels and on the fringes of our open-air gatherings. Their voices are not foremost, may not be heard at all, but the life of the corps—and of The Army—would be very much impoverished if it

were not for their prayers and their love and their inner devotion to the Lord.

And now there come along a straggling few who have helped me because they have shown me the road I ought *not* to take. I call them the HUMANISTS—I am afraid my nomenclature is not always fortunate—meaning by humanists those who depend upon human effort and experience, human skill and energy, and, so depending, fail in the long run. Over and over again I have seen the work of men of the most tremendous industry, enterprise, and skill, topple over like a house of cards, while the work of men of prayer and faith and insight, even when these things were not coupled with practical ability of a high order or even with any remarkable energy, remains standing. The reason is that the first rested on the merely human. These people forgot the better part. Their sufficiency was of themselves, not of God. Not for a moment am I decrying human effort. What I deprecate is reliance upon it. The old adage is worth repeating: Work and Plan as if everything depended solely upon your own efforts, but Pray and Trust as if everything depended upon God.

The next regiment of helpers comes along with a limp. No soldierly stride here, though many of them attempt it. Yet the tap of their crutches and the creak of their invalid chairs has put new heart into me. They are the blessed regiment of SUFFERERS. These are the men and women who have endured many things. I include amongst them not only physical but mental and spiritual suffering. My contact with them has brought me to the place where human strength and human resources end. They have done more than unseal my springs of pity. They have made me stand still and wonder at the triumphs of grace. Again and again in

the poor disabled body and the countenance distorted by suffering, I have seen the power of an indwelling God, working more visibly, perhaps, because of the frailty of the outward vessel.

The people who suffer are, as a whole, a word of God to the rest of us. They have seemed to me to be a reflex evidence, so to speak, that God is among men and using them to do His work. The whole work of redemption is a work of suffering. It began with suffering—the suffering of the Lord—and it continues by suffering in those who follow Him. When we are bidden to take up our Cross, the Cross referred to is not just our ordinary round of business and domestic anxieties. One of the greatest sufferers I have known was my dear mother. It was a regular thing for her to get up out of a sick bed, struggle downstairs, and into a four-wheeled cab, pour out upon an audience for an hour the passion of her ardent spirit, and then home to bed again, with every fibre of her being exhausted by the effort she had made. I have seen many who have suffered for the Cross, some who have suffered physically. Others have endured suffering of a different kind, but still akin to what Jesus Himself suffered. Think of the sufferings of refined and cultured men and women consecrated to a certain work which brings them into continual contact, not with the poor—No! No!—but with the vulgar and the degraded and the loathsome, so that every hour brings a jar or bruise to their sensitive spirit. I think that such suffering, witnessed in others, has helped me much. It has softened my spirit, thrown me back upon God, and kept me from being spoiled by the affection and flattery which came to me more, perhaps, than to most. The sufferers have helped me also by the necessary exercise of my powers of consolation.

And, last of all, the little company of CONTRADICTORS. They, too, have been my helpers. They have helped me by dealing faithfully with me in any matters in which they thought I was wrong or mistaken. My position is an important one, and its dangers are in direct relation to its importance. In the multitude of counsellors there is safety, but perhaps the safety is all the greater if among that multitude there are those who do not hesitate to speak the disagreeable and contrary word. I believe that God laid His hand upon me and prepared me for the perils which beset such an office, yet I could hardly have done without the help of those who came to me when they thought I was wrong and plainly told me so and wanted to set me right. I am bound to say that, oftener than not, it turned out that *they* were the mistaken ones! But their challenge did me good, nevertheless. It made me re-examine myself and my position in the matter, ensure and buttress my judgment, gave me humility and patience, and enabled me to see, however well I had done, that I might have done better.

Comrades all, thank you, and God bless you!

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